

# The Sketch

NO. 1311 — VOL. CI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1918

NINEPENCE.



ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN: LADY BLANCHE SOMERSET.

The engagement of Lady Blanche Somerset, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and the Earl of St. Germans, M.C., Dragoons, was announced on March 6. Lady Blanche, who was born in 1897, is a daughter of the ninth Duke. Lord St. Germans is the sixth Earl,

and succeeded to the title in 1911. He was born in 1890, and is a Captain of Dragoons. He has served in the war ever since 1914, and has been wounded, mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Military Cross.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



**The Lane of Many Re-returns.**

of course, always a fly in the amber somewhere in everything undertaken by man, and on the night in question it took the form of an icy north-easter which would have made Kingsley shudder and recant, and which even succeeded in threading its way into the theatre, and resulted in an exhibition of furs which would have done credit to a fashionable skating party. Every now and then these were furtively removed, revealing shimmering—and shivering—shoulders; but discretion was found to be the better part of valour and cloaks were resumed. However, if the temperature chilled, the performance warmed, for "Aïda" was never better given, and the martial and stirring second act went with a swing and precision which roused the audience

to applause unstinted and calls galore. Perhaps an even stronger appeal to the sophisticated opera-goer was made by the quite delightful rendering of the passionate love-music in the third act, which found Rosina Buckman and Frank Mullings in perfect voice and at the very top of their form. Sir Thomas himself conducted with obvious zest, and both chorus and orchestra responded to his call as if realising that a large occasion indicated a special effort; while the remaining principals—Edna Thornton, Norman Allin, and Robert Parker—acquitted themselves with distinction, and the whole performance went without a hitch. A slight element of unrehearsed humour was introduced by the premature raising of the curtain to a call after one of the acts,

which revealed the pattering feet of nimble coryphées scuttling for the wings, and certain ungrouped but stately principals seeking with almost undignified haste to stage themselves according to convention before the audience should have them full in view. Altogether an evening to remember, which one devoutly hopes augurs a successful season. Lady Cunard, Sir Arthur du Cros, Lord Queensberry, Lord Fairfax, Hon. Leverton Harris, Mr. Charles Hunter, Mr. Harry Beecham, Lady Wernher, Mr. P. Philippson, Mr. J. B. Pease, Mrs. Saxton Noble, Sir Vincent Caillard, Lady Cowdray, the Duke of Westminster, Lady Irene Curzon (in black with white fox), and Lady Muir Mackenzie (all in black) were among the Drury Lane patrons.

**'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: SIR ERIC GEDDES OPENING THE BATTLE OF THE TANK BANKS.**

At the Leicesters. I went into the Leicester Galleries to see Nevinson's Pictures of the War; he is one of the official artists for the Western Front, and Lord Beaverbrook opened his show, with crowds of the *crème de la crème* of Society folk, who were full of admiration for his brilliant work. Sir Ian Hamilton, I am told, has bought his cruel "War Profiteers"; Lady Drogheda has captured another piece, and Lady Tredegar another. I cannot quite see Nevinson's war pictures in the ordinary dining or drawing room. Collectors of his pictures, I think, should start a gallery—a small one would do. Why not a small room with just one picture, which could be changed from time to time? Nevinson himself was to be seen among his pictures on the opening days. He and his wife are both blessed with good looks. The artist is quite young, slightly built, with



FORMERLY  
VISCOUNT HYTHE:  
THE NEW  
EARL BRASSEY.  
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



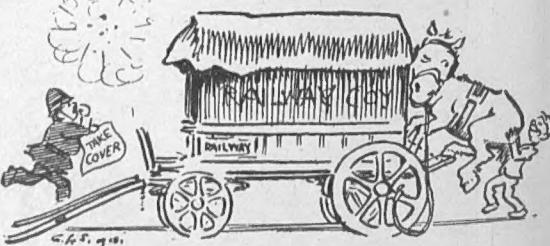
PRINCESS PATRICIA AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL:  
AN INTERESTING GROUP.

Included in the group (from left to right) are Colonel Sir Nestor Tirard, R.A.M.C., Mr. H. H. Twining (Hon. Treasurer), Lady Watson Cheyne, Miss Ray (Matron), a Lady-in-Waiting, Princess Patricia, Viscountess Hambleden, and Viscount Hambleden.—[Photograph by Everitt.]

"The Six Ricks," and the critic said it seemed to suggest that the sun had been to a wedding in highest spirits, and had emptied a sack of confetti over the landscape on his way home. This picture will be on view at Lady Plunket's.

**A Unique Hut.**

All congratulations to Mrs. James Burn on the success of her unique hut on the roof of the Ladies' Empress Club. The Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee—which was opened by Mrs. Lloyd George last June, and has amongst other patrons the Dowager Lady Drogheda, Miss Lucy Kemp Welch, and Lady Williams—has done invaluable work for



YOU SEE THE IDEA? HE JUST TROTS ROUND  
AND TAKES COVER.

"The Railway Companies have provided rope halters for their horses in London. The object is that, in case of an air raid, the horse may be taken out of the vehicle and tethered to the wheel."—*Daily Paper*.



THE TECHNICAL TOUCH.  
"Have you any sweetbreads?"  
"No, Mum—no offal to-day."



GETTING SERIOUS.  
"Ave you 'eard?  
They're going to ration  
tobaccy next!"



"Won't the Food Controller be cross with Fido?"  
"Why, dear?"  
"He's eaten the Sunday joint and swallowed the tickets."

By Special  
Favours!

That we are grumbler is illustrated by the fact that when at Murray's Club the space

was in excess of dancers (that was very long ago) we complained; and since the order has been well reversed we grouse again. But Mr. Jack May, always to the fore to remedy our passing troubles, has inaugurated the happy idea of giving each dancing man either a red or a white favour on entering the club, the colour to dance being clearly indicated, and now we dance each in our turn, and have even the accommodation in which to do our "stunts" all up and down the floor, undisturbed by such trifles as heels and elbows which sadly impeded our progress before the new regulation.

**The Sunny Side.** "The Hôtel des Anglais (ex-Rühl—Berlin, please take note!) continues to be the hub of the Nice world of rank and fashion. Every table is packed for every meal, and the scene at lunch and tea, when visitors from Cannes and Monte Carlo augment the crowd, is brilliant in the extreme.

"Frocks and flowers are *partout*—the *dernier cri* in spring models, and a *décor* of hyacinths, jonquils, lilies, carnations, roses . . . and *quant à* the list of interesting guests—there are two columns of them, including innumerable officers (Staff and otherwise) of the French, British, and American arms; and the Japanese Naval Mission, Roumania, the Argentine, and Belgium are also represented. American and British khaki warriors (especially the red-topped ones) are having a very good time *en convalescence*, if one may judge by appearances—and the attentions of the fair! The *Terrasse Restaurant* of the hotel at luncheon simply teems with them.

"Monte Carlo, the sunniest place in France in which to have a rest-cure, takes itself seriously these days. And the *ouvroir des Alliés* is quite fashionable. All the best people put in an appearance and some hours' work weekly; also they have had a brain-wave which we in our British Red Cross work-rooms might well follow: they have dedicated one afternoon a week to the services of maidservants, who enjoy the rendezvous and render considerable assistance to *les pauvres blessés*—thus doing their bit, *hein?*

"The *Terrasse du Casino*, in the mornings, is the scene of strolls, and greatly patronised by *les militaires* who are not well enough to

play golf or tennis—they may not, of course, go inside the *salles de jeu*. The able-bodied, however, try to get in a morning round at Mont-Agel, or merely a walk upon the heights; and manœuvres for a seat in the motor-bus or a table for luncheon at the club are quite amusing.

"Le Tennis et la Festa, under the presidency of Vicomte de la Panouse—famous also in connection with the *Tiraux-Pigeons* of Monte Carlo—is in full swing. The Vicomte is also writing what promises to be a most interesting book of reminiscences—illustrated by his own pen; and entitled 'Entre Trois Siècles.' Another publication of interest is that of the verses, 'Armaghani Danich' ('the Danich's Offering'), now appearing in *L'Union*, the Nice literary weekly, written in French, by the Persian Prince Mirza Riza Khan. The fables and proverbs are neat, pithy, and witty—and *nous attendons avec impatience* a collection in book form.

"Mr. C. N. Williamson has recovered from his very bad cold, and is out and about in Monte Carlo once again. The cold that entraps Riviera visitors (even if you *do* go in before sunset!) is a peculiarly villainous type—a flowing mountain stream is its only fit comparison; and, in addition, you feel as though suffering from balloon-head and cold fever! Eugh! Lord and Lady Burghclere are staying at the Hotel Bristol.

"The opera (that little gem amongst opera-houses) of the Casino re-opened for fourteen performances, including two new 'creations'—'1814,' by Xavier Leroux, and 'Manole,' a Roumanian *thémé* by Raoul Gunsbourg. The other *nouveauté* is 'Maruxa,' a Spanish opera. I hear that the singers will be as good as ever, and also that there are to be some interesting first appearances, including Mlle. Dumaine (a Canadian girl) and Mlle. de Ribeaucourt, both pupils of Jean de Reszke. The stars number amongst them Battistini, Schipa, the new Italian *tenore*, and three newcomers from Spain—Señoritas Nieto and

Stein, and the *basso*, Zimenos Mímez. I can't, *pour le moment*, find out anything about the ballets; but I only wish I were going to see some of them—they always have delightful Italian and Monagascan *ballerinas*, and the music of M. Léon Jehin's perfect orchestra to dance to.

**Love at Beaulieu.** "Beaulieu has just been the scene of a very smart wedding, when Dr. Marcus Johnston-Lavis was married to Muriel (Betty), daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Trafford-Rawson, of Coldham Hall, Suffolk. The bridegroom is a leading surgeon on the Riviera, and was with the first unit of the British Red Cross on the Italian front during the Gorizia campaign. He went through all the troubles of the retreat, but came safely out of it. The bride was accompanied by the charming little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Trafford, Hill Court, Herefordshire, and Miss Daubeny, as bridesmaids; and the



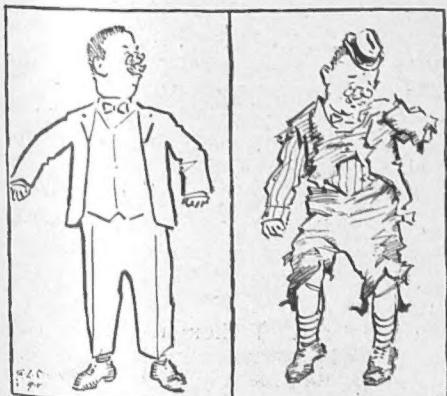
"There are a very few left, Madam, and they're not worth taking."

"There is a shortage of Nuts and pine kernels." — *Daily Paper*.



DELIVERING AN ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S FREE CHURCH COUNCIL: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE IN BLOOMSBURY.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



FRITZ PREPARES TO "KNOCK 'EM" IN HIS NEW PAPER SUIT, BUT A HEAVY SHOWER AND A CROWDED 'BUS ROB IT OF SOME OF ITS ATTRACTIONS.



IN KHAKI AS AN OFFICER OF THE MOTOR TRANSPORT VOLUNTEERS: MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

Photograph by C.N.



PIGADILLY.

"Don't walk a puppy: walk a pig," says Mr. Prothero.

best man was the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the Joint War Committee of the Order of St. John and the British Red Cross Society on the Littoral.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

## The Hidden Language.

A well-known novelist—who is rapidly taking the place once occupied by an equally well-known dramatist as a contributor of free copy to the papers—appears to be almost beside himself lest the German language should be taught in our schools after the war. He gives a number of reasons why we should pretend that the German language does not exist, one of these reasons being that the children, the dear children, will no longer enjoy their German lessons.

"Our children," he writes, "will not forget that, in fear of murderous and cowardly attacks from the sky, they have been lined up night after bitter night at the entrance to our Tubes, huddled inside of them for harrowing hours in a fetid atmosphere, and then sent home in the early morning, sleepless, sick, and shivering. If it is necessary to real success in our studies that we should love the subjects of them, what hope can there be now for the study of the German language by British children? They will hate the very sound of it for the next fifty years at least."

Before the war, as we all know, our little ones adored the German language. They looked forward with a palpitating eagerness to their German lesson. Latin was good, for they loved the ancient Romans. Greek was delightful, for they adored the ancient Greeks. But the German lesson was the best of all, a veritable treat at the close of a day of sweet toil.

The Hun has sacrificed the love of our little ones for his language.

## The English Child.

By the way, I rather resent that picture of the London child on raid nights. I don't like to see them being taken into the Tubes, and I admit that they would be better in decent beds. But I deny that the London child is "sleepless, sick, and shivering" after a raid. On the occasions when I have had to travel by Tube on raid nights, I have observed some extremely lively children on the platforms. I am not at all sure that, if given the choice, they would not prefer to go down into the Tube rather than go to bed in the usual humdrum fashion. As a small boy, I swear, I should have thoroughly enjoyed a night or so in each month in the Tube.

As to being sleepless, a child can sleep as well on an overcoat in a warm Tube station as in a small bed with two or three other children. And I doubt whether the atmosphere of the Tube, even on a raid night, is much more "fetid" than the atmosphere of some of the slums from which these children are brought.

Returning to the main point, I cannot agree with this eminent contributor of complimentary copy that the German language should be boycotted after the war. If your neighbour is plotting against you, and you can overhear his councils, so much the better for you. If he talks in a mumble-jumble of which you have no knowledge, so much the worse for you.

I have nothing more to say on this subject. Have you, friend the reader?

**March Humour.** March, it seems, is rapidly becoming the new "silly season." In the very next column of the same newspaper I find a solemn report on the work of the Central Liquor Control Board.

"It is astonishing," I read, "that a need for further research is revealed by their survey. In his preface, Lord d'Abernon gives a list of some of the important questions which it is impossible to answer definitely in the present state of our knowledge."

What, you will ask yourself, can those questions be? Well, here are a few of the insoluble problems that presented themselves to the Central Liquor Control Board—

(1) Is the drunkenness caused by beer or wine the same in character as that caused by spirits?

(2) Does the degree of dilution in which a given amount of alcohol is taken affect the immediate action on the nervous system?

(3) Does mixing drinks, as is popularly supposed, tend to produce drunkenness?

One can picture the members of the Central Liquor Control Board excogitating these knotty points in serious conclave. Of course, they might have solved them by simply ringing the bell and ordering in a few drinks; but that would never do. They are obviously teetotalers to a man. So they must go on wondering to the end—unless it occurs to them to call up a few expert witnesses and refresh their memories. You never know. This is a self-sacrificial age. A few volunteers might be found.



RESTING IN LONDON AFTER A YEAR'S WORK AT A YMCA CANTEEN  
IN FRANCE: MRS. CHANDOS LEIGH.

Mrs. Chandos Leigh, whose husband was killed during the earlier stages of the war, is the sister of General Jeffreys.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

## A STUDY IN PATRIOTISM.

**FIRST OLD LADY.** They say it's unpatriotic for anyone to leave London on account of the raids.

**SECOND OLD LADY.** Yes, I know they do. Mrs. Blatherby was saying so only to-night at dinner.

**FIRST OLD LADY.** Do you understand why?

**SECOND OLD LADY.** Not in the least. I thought they'd have been glad to save our rations.

**FIRST OLD LADY.** And our coal.

**SECOND OLD LADY.** And our light.

**FIRST OLD LADY.** And the trouble we give.

**SECOND OLD LADY.** Still, I suppose Mrs. Blatherby knows best. She was so fierce about it. She said it would encourage the Germans if I went to stay with my daughter at High Wycombe.

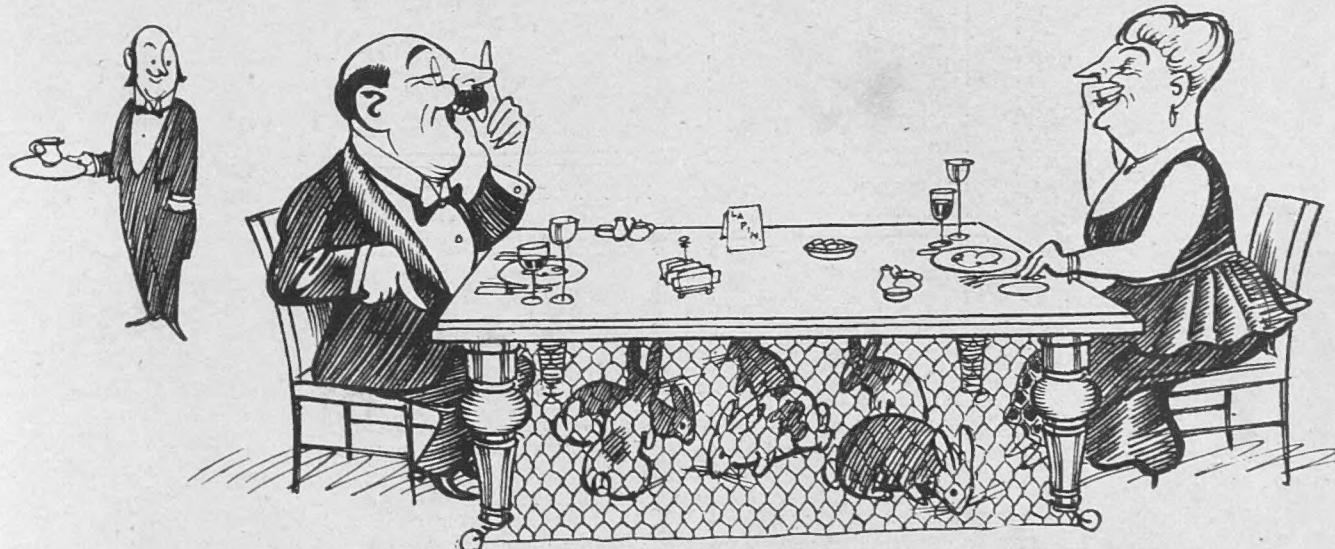
**FIRST OLD LADY.** I didn't dare say so, but it seems to me the more people there are in London, the more for the Germans to hit. And, as we can't help in any way—

**SECOND OLD LADY.** 'Ssh! Here comes Mrs. Blatherby! . . . As I was saying, you can get that silk . . .

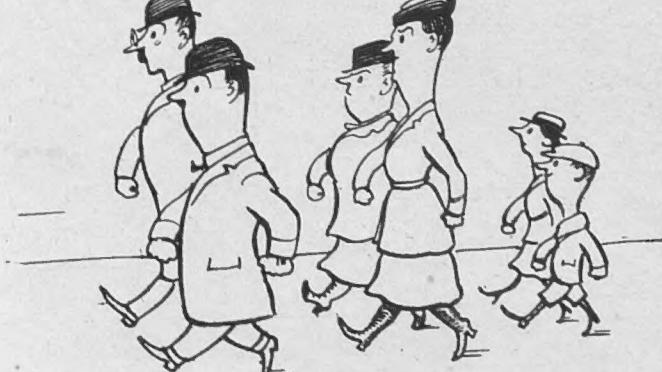
## ON THE CARDS.



WHAT IS TO HAPPEN WHEN A BIRD  
IS A COUPLE OF OUNCES UNDER OR  
OVER THE COUPONS?



THE KEEPING OF TAME RABBITS, WHICH IS  
AT ALL TIMES A PLEASANT & PROFITABLE HOBBY,  
CAN NOW BE MADE OF REAL USE — .



TWO SMALL HOUSEHOLDS "JOIN UP  
TO BUY A FOWL."

J. M. BATEMAN 1918.



ANYONE IN DIFFICULTY ABOUT THE  
SCHEME SHOULD COMMUNICATE WITH  
THEIR LOCAL FOOD COMMITTEE.

THE MINISTRY OF THE "INTERIOR": SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE NEW "RATION"-ALISM.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## WAR AND WEDDINGS : TWO MILITARY MARRIAGES.



LORD FERMOY'S NIECE MARRIED TO CAPTAIN D. H. S. SOMERVILLE : BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



MISS MOIRA ROCHE'S WEDDING TO CAPTAIN SOMERVILLE : BRIDESMAIDS.



A PRETTY WEDDING AT ST. PETER'S :  
CASH-HARDY ; BRIDESMAIDS.



LIEUTENANT IAN CASH AND HIS BRIDE :  
LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Two recent military marriages were celebrated in London, one, that of Captain Desmond Somerville, M.C., South Wales Borderers, to Miss Moira Burke Roche, elder daughter of the late Hon. Alexis Roche, and a niece of Lord Fermoy and Viscount Goschen. There were four bridesmaids, three of whom are seen in our photograph : Hon. Cicely Goschen, Miss Somerville, Miss Helen Cecil, the fourth being the Hon. Phyllis Goschen.

The wedding of Lieutenant Ian T. B. Cash, W. Yorks. Regiment, to Miss Audrey Margaret Hardy took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride is a twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percival Hardy, of Chesterfield Street. The bridegroom is a grandson of the Right Hon. John Bright, and son of Professor Theodore Cash. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Patience Kemp, Miss Bettina Hardy, twin sister of the bride, and Miss Priscilla Cash.

## MARS AND HYMEN: A WAR WEDDING IN SOCIETY.



## THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR R. W. V. BRUCE AND MRS. ARTHUR EGERTON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding of Major R. W. V. Bruce, of the Lancers, and Mrs. Arthur Egerton took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, S.W., on March 5. The ceremony was performed by Prebendary the Hon. John Stafford Northcote, and the bride was attended by Mrs. Victor Williams, as *dame d'honneur*, and Miss Norah Bruce. The best man was Captain Turnor,

Lancers. The Duchess of Buckingham was among the guests. Major Bruce is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce, of Norton Hall, Campden, Gloucestershire, and 23, Cromwell Road, S.W. His wife is the only child of General Sir Henry and Lady Mackinnon, and widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. Egerton, of the Coldstream Guards.

Photograph by Langfier.

# PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



## A LA CARD.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

WELL, I hope that by now you have mastered the weights, measures, many mysteries, and the moot points of the meat business. I suppose that in due time we shall all know what so many ounces of steak really mean. But what of the Sphinx-like sausage? I see that it is counted as meat—evidently even in the service of the State can optimism survive! As everyone else knows, of course, sausages in the good old time were a complex compound of blameless bread, sage, and thyme, and a pinch of pork to make them look pink. But now that bread is among the things recognised as rare, what shall sausages be? Thyme alone will show to the Sage—what?

I suppose our diet will affect our daily vocabulary. Formerly, to call a man a "pig" was, to say the least, a rather disparaging remark; now it will mean merely, "Oh, you rare, dear, and most desirable being!"

And will he who exacts his pound of flesh every fortnight be called a Shylock?

And I suppose that change in food will reveal itself in Art also. A few months more of this régime and our notions of the nude, for instance, will be vastly different from what they were, because our anatomy will be different. I never discovered why the early Victorian beauties all had drooping shoulders, wide temples, round wrists, and mouths half the size of their eyes—it can't possibly have been something they had eaten and which had disagreed with them! But there is no doubt that the 1918 figure will be largely (or rather, sparingly) due to what we have not eaten! Don't be surprised to hear, at the Royal Academy (if you are orthodox), or at the Spring London group (if you are not), art criticism of this nature: "Oh, look at this Venus—how realistically her ribs come out!" "And this Bacchante—what beautiful bones she has!" "How elegantly pointed the hip of this Leda!"

In fact, the round-limbed nymphs will have vanished into thin air—to speak literally!

You remember how the old-fashioned fairy-tales always told us in the end how the Prince and Princess lived happily ever after and had many children—they had not to fill their food-cards, evidently! And, for the same reason, possession of a retinue of servants is a doubtful blessing.

But enough on this prosaic subject of food; besides, the ingenuous ones can discover many delicious mouthfuls in the

vegetarian lines. At Murray's they serve some luscious pink fruit-jellies for tea which prevent one from sighing for past pasties; and in the fashionable "Five o'Clocks" (read smart tea places) of Paris they have replaced fancy pastries on some days of the week by chestnut fritters which just melt in your mouth.

Ah, but Paris is clever. We have always known it, but now there is additional proof. "Every tight skirt means so much cloth saved for a *poilu*," says she; and then gives you ravishing satin and chiffon frocks that tempt you to spend your War Loan money on her frills and furbelows. We are all to be very slim, my friends, and very feminine, so that we cannot step into a cab without the aid of a khaki-clad arm. All very well when the khaki man and the taxi are available, but I see great times for the gamin when she and I have to grab a 'bus-rail and jump on to a reluctant 'bus!

To be still more economical, serge being scarce, my country-women are adopting gold cloth for afternoon and evening wear. It is, of course, a paradox; but it is a pretty one. Turbans of gold, tabards of gold brocade, tinsel trimmings, filigree embroidery, bags beaded in gold and silver—some dresses can be so dazzling that the new pet name of the gorgeous girl is "a dear little bank." Rather apt, is it not?

A very felicitous joke which I saw lately in a French paper was a drawing representing profiteers on their knees voicing this prayer, "Give us to-day our daily scandal, so that we may be left in our humble obscurity!" It was entitled "les fournisseurs a-larmés."

Too good a pun to be translated, methinks.

I interviewed Princess Mary's first summer tennis frock the other day in Mrs. Allan Hawkey's flat. She is the designer of the standard frock, and jolly pretty and accommodating that frock can be. I saw it in linen, cloth, tweed, velvet, and éponge. Its charm was bewildering. Of course, we all ought to make our own frocks now—it can be done in about three hours per frock, says the designer; but I can see a fractious Phrynette making it days. There was also a raid gown—very neat—to go over a nightie at such times as the Hun comes by night. Made of something that looked like bro-

cade, in a beautiful Granville Barker shade of pink, and bits of dark fur, it could be slipped over in a moment; and, thus attired, a lady could look with a superior air at the Salomes who had stopped at the first veil—seven represented Salome's thickest diaper, I think.

In the Savoy the other day I tried to capture Violet Campbell, prettiest and sweetest of ingénues—one says this to every one of



"You rare, dear, and most [desirable being]!"

them, and they are sweet—and told her of the standard hat, also designed by Mrs. Hawkey. Violet was due for a matinée at the Playhouse, where she appears in "The Yellow Ticket," but promised to attend a private view. It is chaste, my friends—the hat, I mean—of any colour you like, tricorne in outline, and complaisant in the wash-tub. What more would you wish?

Lady Rhondda is a sugar-snatcher. Her own family say so. She robs them of their sugar ration, and insists that it goes to

make jam for her and Lord Rhondda's soldier guests. There are always between thirty and forty growing well and strong in the delightful surroundings of Lord Rhondda's Welsh home. I should think she must be a little concerned about Lord Rhondda: he is growing so thin—no meat, no bread, no milk. I'm afraid he will fade away—and

"A standard frock . . . it can be done in about three hours, but I can see a fractious Phrynette making it days."

so popular a Food Controller, too! We cannot spare him.

You have heard about my—I had nearly said charlady. I'm sorry; I should say scrubbing-sister. Well, she is very bucked with her new name, and is more garrulous than ever. A sub. told me that is how the ladies who scrub the hospital floors are named, and so I am carrying on the good work. There is a war on.

Just heard of some folk who positively welcome the whistle which gives warning of an air-raid, and sigh when the "All Clear" bugle blows. Who are they? The civilian patients (I had almost said prisoners) in a large London hospital situated in what is often rather a warm corner on raid nights—and this is why.

Smoking in hospital is a privilege accorded only to sailors and soldiers (and glad I am they do enjoy it). It is not permitted to civilians.

Last September a patient who had been injured in an air-raid was admitted to a ward ruled by a lady doctor. He pointed out to this most sympathetic and sensible woman that, if the patients were allowed to smoke while a raid was in progress, it would calm their nerves. She saw the force of his argument, and decreed that during a raid smoking should be the order of the night in her ward.

The news soon spread through the hospital, and now all claim the privilege. I wish they could have it for at least a few hours every day, for in these times no one goes to hospital for fun, and I am sure everyone is suffering from nerve-strain; but, alas! old tradition dies hard in big foundations.

A friend of mine is visiting a patient in a hospital—smaller certainly, but conducted on cosier and more charitable lines. This is the St. Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill. It is supported by Catholics, and the nursing and general administration are in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy, who come from the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth. But its doors are open to all who need help, irrespective of creed.

The Queen of the Belgians is patroness; the Archbishop of Westminster is, and the late Duke of Norfolk was, trustee. Others who support and help are Aëdele Countess Cadogan, Hilaire Belloc, Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, and Lieutenant-

"A raid gown—to go over a nightie at such times as the Hun comes by night."

Colonel Wellesley. The hospital was opened in 1913 for paying patients unable to meet the charges in private nursing homes. For the duration of the war the hospital is receiving a large number of wounded soldiers, though the grant for their maintenance does not completely cover the cost.

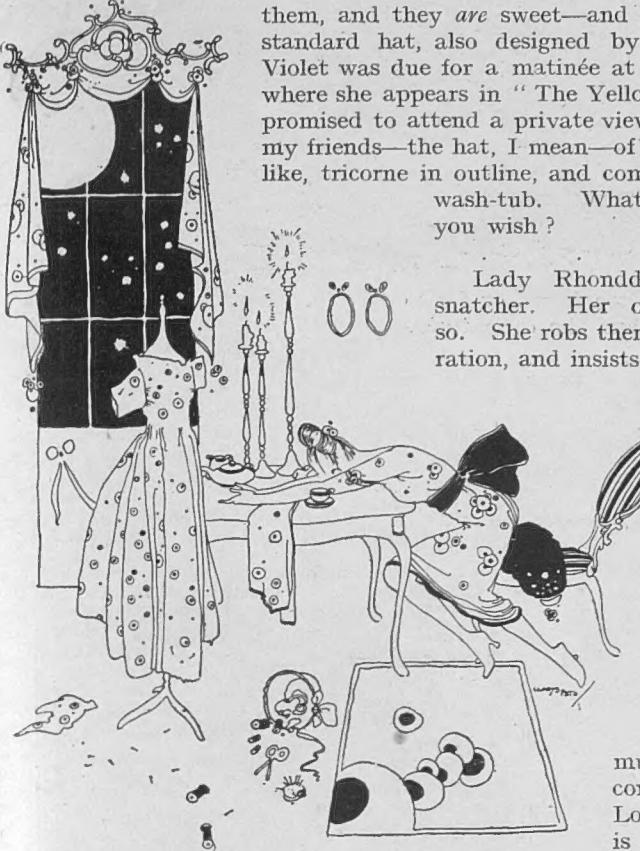
A few private wards are still reserved for civilians able to pay a small fee; and happy is the lot of these. The rooms, decorated in shades of soothing mauve, are daintily furnished; smoking is allowed, also visitors every day of the week—but nothing I can write will give an idea of the atmosphere of cheery and ready kindness which pervades the whole place. Dollis Hill, though only four miles from the Marble Arch, lies in the open country, far above London smoke and grime. To-day I heard a lark singing close to the hospital.

Anyone who wants to enjoy this "St. Valentine's summer" should go and see the place. The Matron, Sister M. Ignatius, is always ready to welcome friends and show them the hospital.

I coined the name "St. Valentine's summer" (why should not St. Valentine have a summer as well as St. Martin?) as I walked home along the Embankment last night after seeing Gladys Cooper in "The Yellow Ticket." I was almost oppressively warm, though my neck and hands, usually smothered in fur, were bare to the moonlight discreetly tempered with clouds.

Except for a few worshippers at the shrine of St. Valentine, the Embankment was deliciously lonely, and I wandered alone along a dreamy path till suddenly I found myself at Blackfriars Bridge. You dear Londoners sometimes make me smile: in days of yore, how you hunted the beauty which lies at your very doors through many a foreign town, and always with the invaluable "Baedeker" in your hand. Well, this very thorough gentleman (he even made a note of how much my stores spent on string and paper in 1907) has completed a volume on your own city—I urge you to study it.

Flight-Commander — is some airman. I was standing in a village street, "somewhere in somewhere," watching him the other afternoon. He had one of the big battle 'planes "up," and was performing marvellous evolutions. I don't know the names of the things he did, being a most untechnical female, but I wondered whether it was his observer's first time in a machine—and, if so, how he could be feeling. For the 'plane, apart from the fact that it travelled as fast as two trains, dived, climbed, twisted in spirals, rolled over and over like a foal in a field, and did other indescribable stunts. And twelve years ago even the Northcliffe Press discussed the Mastery of the Air in terms of improbability!



"A raid gown—to go over a nightie at such times as the Hun comes by night."





THE Welsh Guards have lost their poet, in the person of the Hon. Evan Morgan, placed on half-pay, and now seeking, I believe, health and strength in the sunny Riviera. Before the war, Bohemians remember Lord Tredegar's son as a friend of Augustus John; and Café Royalites can still, if you care to know, point out the favourite seat of the Hon. Evan, to whom his brief side-whiskers gave a curious resemblance to the late-lamented Prince Consort. He has two or three other claims to distinction. Gossip says he has been "sculpted" by Epstein, and he certainly has been called the "poet of intellect" by the Lyceum Club. The fact of being an interesting personality in the world of art did not prevent him doing his bit in a more practical sphere when war came. Service with the Welsh Guards, a sharp attack of rheumatic fever, and hard work as private secretary to Mr. Bridgeman, M.P. (Parliamentary Secretary for Labour), last year are items in his war record, as well as a series of poems on far-from-the-war subjects.



ENGAGED TO A DUKE'S DAUGHTER: THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN'S.

The Earl of St. Germans, whose engagement to Lady Blanche Somerset is announced, is the sixth holder of the title. He is in the Scots Greys, has been wounded, and awarded the Military Cross.

Photograph by Lafayette.

ducal family at Badminton, she is a keen sportswoman and a splendid rider.

*Not Really American.* Lord Fairfax, who figured as best man at one of last week's weddings, enjoys the distinction of being the most "American" Baron in the Peerage, and

there are people who profess to find his English difficult to understand. If he does not, like an ancestor, live in "baronial splendour" on 5,700,000 acres in Virginia, he none the less understands the art of making himself comfortable, and his house in Old Burlington Street, besides being a "model residence" in the best sense of that much-abused term, is filled with pictures as well as a variety of other objects of interest to the connoisseur.

#### The Misleading Caricaturist.

John Redmond, like most successful Irish leaders, was a little aloof, not a little dignified, and by no means the person to take a liberty with,

whether you were friend or foe politically. But he was the kindest of men, and the caricaturist did him a grave injustice in representing him as a very bellicose, "tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat" sort of Irishman. It was necessary to do so, for the sake of political effect, for he was supposed to be always demanding that Englishmen should "toe the line"; and it must be said that the contours of his handsome face, and his



trick of Napoleonic solemnity as he sat in his corner seat, as if on a throne, gave some little colour to the idea. As a fact, Mr. Redmond was ever for conciliation and good feeling, though no politician ever swerved so little or had to eat so few of his own words. He will be missed, and nowhere more than in his own party. There are many clever Nationalists, and one or two men of distinguished ability; but I know of none able, like Redmond, to maintain the full Irish demand without antagonising something which resides in the most broad-minded Saxon.

*London's Money.* The return visit of the Tanks has once again shown what an immense quantity of money—or rather, paper—there is in the capital. Before the war the economists were telling us that a European struggle must be short and sharp because the money would never last out. Now we are well into the second half of the fourth year, and, though gold has long disappeared, there seems no lack of its substitute. And yet it is not difficult to get money for other things too. People are buying expensive books as never before; a rare Old Master will reach as large a figure as ever; there seems no limit to the money people will pay, if they are allowed, for a restaurant meal.

*Rivals.* "Charmy's" shares with the transformed Ciro's the réputation of being the most popular soldiers' club in London, and it's a toss-up which gives the best tea. "Charmy's," the latest Church Army organisation, is presided over by Lady Bagot, from whose youthful appearance you would never gather that she has a son who has fought in the war and been invalided out of the Army.



ENGAGED: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. S. JENKINS, D.S.O.—MISS LOUISE MITCHELL

Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Jenkins, whose engagement to Miss Louise Mitchell has been announced, has been awarded the D.S.O. He is a member of a well-known Canadian family. Miss Mitchell, of Pittsburg, U.S.A., was one of the first of her countrywomen to cross the Atlantic to take up nursing in the early days of the war.

Photograph of Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkins by Lambert, Bath.



A MARCH BRIDE: MRS. ROMANES (MISS DORIS WRIGHT).

Miss Wright, who was married on March 4 to Captain F. J. Romanes, King Edward's Horse, of Dunskaithe, Ross-shire, is the only daughter of Lady Wright, of Coolcarrigan, Co. Kildare, and Sir Alrith Wright, C.B., M.D., the well-known pathologist and bacteriologist. The wedding took place at St. Anne's Church, Dublin.—[Photo, Lafayette.]



A WINNER IN THE TOMBOLA: MISS MARGERY BOOT.

Miss Boot, who is the younger daughter of Sir Jesse and Lady Boot, won the prize given by Mr. Malcolm Arbuthnot, the well-known photographer, at the recent big Tombola held at the Albert Hall.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

## IN AN OLD WAR PLAY: "THE SECOND IN COMMAND."



1. "THE SECOND IN COMMAND" REVIVED BY SOCIETY AMATEURS AT WINCHESTER: NORAH Vining (THE HON. MRS. PRITIE) TRIES TO MAKE IT UP WITH HILDEBRAND CARSTAIRS (MR. F. C. PALMER).

2. EARL'S SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: SIR WALTER MANNERING (LORD LOUGHBOROUGH) CONFESSES HIS DIFFICULTIES TO MURIEL MANNERING (LADY LOUGHBOROUGH).

"The Second in Command" was given recently in the Guildhall, Winchester, in aid of prisoners of war from the Rifle Brigade and the King's Royal Rifles. Lord Loughborough, son and heir of the Earl of

3. IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND" AT WINCHESTER: COLONEL ANSTRUTHER (CAPTAIN DRUMMOND) AND MURIEL MANNERING (LADY LOUGHBOROUGH).

Rosslyn, was wounded at the Dardanelles. He married, in 1915, Margaret Sheila Mackellar, daughter of Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney. The Hon. Mrs. Prittie is the wife of Lord Dunalleys only son.



ITALIAN foods were never more in demand in London than now, and the Italian Ambassador (fresh from Sheffield as a Doctor of Laws) and the Marchioness Imperiali, when they lunched at Buckingham Palace the other day, laughed to find themselves so much at home with some of the dishes. Macaroni, vermicelli, and other varieties of *pasta*, oil from Lucca, sardines really from Sardinia, olives, polenta, parmesan cheese, chestnuts with real chest-measurements—these are some of the sought-for requisites growing rare indeed in London with the old-established labels. In some cases, Soho now makes what it formerly used to import; and, in others, America has tried to supply to England the substitutes of what Italy now needs to retain for herself. So it is a real feather in New York's cap, and no mere Yankee Doodle, to take a paste and call it macaroni. The rule of rations does not run of right in the larders of Ambassadors; but, when their Excellencies take luncheon with the King, they do what the King does—and, if they are Italians, they patriotically find themselves quite pot-lucky.

*Dublin  
Brushed Up.*

Dublin, with its recurrent little difficulties about the bequest of Sir Hugh Lane, has all the Four Courts in which to prove its loyalty to litigation. But utterly uncontentious is the little show of the Water-Colour Society of Ireland, in which—perhaps for reasons of war—the work of women seems to be particularly in evidence. Lady Butler sends some sketches of Palestine—reminiscences of a pilgrimage she made during her husband's lifetime, and in his company, to Jerusalem. Her daughter, Lady Gormanston, was there on the opening day, though her own pretty talent had no presentation on its walls. The Hon. Lady Ross, also present, had been more enterprising; and two other much-praised exhibitors were Lady Dobbin and Lady Ardilaun.

*Hair-Splitting.* The black-haired Poet Laureate was, of course, Tennyson—not Bridges; but, as a recent paragraph of mine might be read contrariwise, I state the matter baldly—a quite impersonal word to both poets! Mr. Bridges' locks would salt a Montana silver-mine; but Tennyson retained his coal-blackness to the end—and was very proud to be without the white feather. So when William Watson put on his wishing-cap and wrote—I think it was in the *Spectator*—

Far be the hour when lesser brows shall wear  
The laurel glorious from that wintry hair,

the Laureate made haste to assure the younger poet: "I never had a grey hair on my head." And nobody suggested that this immunity

was due to the dye-pot, as was cruelly done about Disraeli's enduring darkness, for the world is kinder to its poets than to its politicians.

*A Pound  
a Comma!*

The fun of selling a poem! Perhaps it is not the poet who experiences it. Byron was delighted with a bare half-crown a line, and he was a lot luckier than Milton. One quite great poet of the last generation said he kept himself poor by publishing his verse. But it is one of Time's revenges that the mere manuscript of a poem will often fetch in the sale-room five hundred times more than ever went into the poet's purse. But the other day, at the Palace, Miss Irene Vanbrugh's recital of Sir Henry Newbolt's verses, "The Service," was the prelude to a quite new experience. This manuscript of a poet still alive—still very much alive—was put up for sale by George Robey, who himself bought it in at £100, and offered it again. So it was re-bought and re-given and re-sold for varying sums several times over—

once to Lily Elsie, of whom the auctioneer inquired if she really had the money! The Queen, from her box, looked on much amused—and pleased too, for all this was grist for the mill of King George's Fund for Sailors. Altogether, over £500 was realised—which somebody calculated meant a pound a comma. And then George Robey told the friends who lunched him a few days later that he was no financier!

*Lord Warwick's Luck.*

A jocosely superstitious friend of mine suggests that if you will have wick for half of your name, why, then it's up to the demon of fire to put a light to it. Any-

way, Lord Warwick has had very bad luck to be burnt out, first, at Warwick Castle, and now at Lady Warwick's imposing place in Essex. But his misfortunes do not end with the flames, for he has gone to bed with a chill—caught at the Easton Lodge fire. Thomas Hardy may add that to his list of the little ironies of life!

*The Only Way.* The case of Boy *versus* Girl still rages round the cradles of expected babies. As a matter of fact, among the latest newcomers in the nurseries of Mayfair and Belgravia, in point of numbers, the girls have it. Onlookers say that this is not at all patriotic; but there is something to be said on the other side, the side of the mothers of the future—the matriotic. The only way to settle the matter is to do what the Hon. Mrs. James Buller Kitson has just impartially done—given birth to twins, one a girl and the other a boy. They are not Airedale Kitsons, but great-grandchildren, on their mother's side, of that Canadian Grand Old Man, the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.



A WEDDING-GROUP OF IMPERIAL INTEREST: H.E. VISCOUNT BUXTON'S DAUGHTER MARRIED.

On Thursday, Jan. 24, His Grace the Archbishop of Cape Town, in his private chapel at Bishopscourt performed the quiet but picturesque ceremony of the marriage of the Hon. Doreen Buxton, daughter of their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Viscountess Buxton, to Major Charles Fitzroy, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The bride wore a beautiful Italian gown of white-and-silver brocade. Our photograph shows: (Left to Right—Standing) Mrs. Carter, General Botha, Mrs. Botha, Captain McNeill, A.D.C., Hon. Phyllis Buxton, Archbishop Carter; (Left to Right—Seated) Hon. Alethea Buxton, H.E. Viscountess Buxton, Major Fitzroy, Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy, H.E. Viscount Buxton. [Photograph by Akkersdyk, Cape Town.]

## A WEDDING OF IMPERIAL INTEREST: FITZROY-BUXTON.

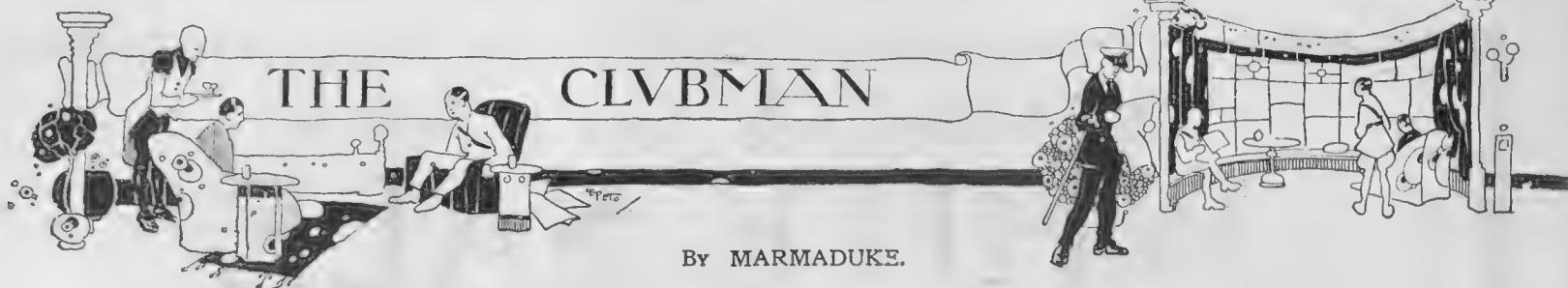


VISCOUNT BUXTON'S DAUGHTER MARRIED TO MAJOR CHARLES FITZROY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM; BRIDESMAID, HON. ALETHEA BUXTON; AND BEST MAN, CAPTAIN R. MCNEILL.

Very quietly, on Jan. 24, in the private chapel of the Archbishop of Cape Town, at Bishopscourt, the Hon. Doreen Buxton, daughter of their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Viscountess Buxton, was married to Major Charles Fitzroy, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, one of the Aides-de-Camp to Lord Buxton. The bride wore a beautiful Italian

gown of white-and-silver brocade, and her veil of Brussels lace is an heirloom. Her bridesmaid, the Hon. Alethea Buxton, looked charming in a dress modelled on Van Dyck's picture of the children of Charles I. Viscountess Buxton was in grey satin, and the Hon. Phyllis Buxton in white net, with a broad belt of black silk.

*Photograph by Akkersdyk, Cape Town.*



BY MARMADUKE.

THE curious funeral of which many—and mostly exaggerated—versions have been current at the West End recently was far less eccentric than have been several "ceremonies" of the kind upon record. Not a mile from Hyde Park Corner a City merchant is buried on the roof of a house, the railings round whose grave may still be seen from the pavement opposite! It being a condition in the will that the heir should forfeit the fortune "so soon as the remains were no longer above ground," they were buried in concrete—on the leads! Hundreds of Americans and others visit University College, Gower Street, each year, for there the embalmed remains of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham are exhibited at his own request, fully dressed in the clothes he wore when alive!

One of the most fashionable women of London of the 'eighties of last century had the skull of her husband always upon the drawing-room table, with a lit candle on either side of it, the "relic" not being removed even on the occasion of her giving a reception or ball! Another devoted wife—the widow of a British diplomatist—had her Prayer Book bound with strips of skin removed from the body of her dead husband!

There was a clergyman in the Midlands whose peculiarity it was to rehearse his funeral each month, having the church draped, employing paper "property" wreaths to place upon the coffin, and compelling his wife, children, and congregation to join in the procession and attend the service as if he were really being buried! From the coffin leaving the bedroom to the close of the ceremony at the graveside he would personally direct the proceedings, at one moment warning the "bearers" to avoid the banisters, at another urging his wife and children to be more demonstrative in their grief, at a third grouping

it upon the velvet-covered ledge, with a bouquet of flowers beside it.

Mr. William Fowle, of Boxley, directed that he should be buried under part of a windmill upon the estate. After the service, the body was drawn upon a farm-wagon to the windmill and buried at the precise spot chosen by the deceased, over it being placed a tablet with the following epitaph he had previously written—

Underneath this Mill      Odd he lived, and odd he died,  
Lies the body of poor Will;      And at his burial no one cried.

Another strange circumstance connected with funerals occurred some fifteen years ago. Mrs. —, fearing being buried alive, had her coffin and grave prepared long before death to avoid such a calamity. The coffin was studded inside with hundreds of electric-bell "pushes," the wires of which communicated with every room



"TANK" WEEK IN LONDON: A COUNTESS AND A PRIVY COUNCILLOR DISTRIBUTE LEAFLETS.

Trafalgar Square was again last week the centre of much patriotic effort, many millions again being subscribed for National War Bonds and War Savings Certificates. Lady Drogheada, wife of the tenth Earl, and the Right Hon. Lord Gainford, P.C., formerly so well known as the Right Hon. Joseph Albert Pease, are seen in our photograph, ready to distribute leaflets from the gondola of a captured German Zeppelin.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

at her own large house, each farm and cottage upon the estate, and the lodges at the gates. The bells were so arranged that, did she stir in the slightest after burial, they would not only rouse the whole district, but ring continuously until the current was exhausted. For several days and nights after her eventual death all upon the estate were in ceaseless excitement—the more so as the lady had arranged that a thousand pounds apiece should be given to the first three who came to the rescue. It must be admitted that much disappointment was caused at nothing occurring.

Lady Macdonell—widow of Sir Hugh Macdonell, for long British Minister at Lisbon—tells a story of the late Empress Frederick of Germany, elder daughter of Queen Victoria. One day, when staying at the Neue Palais at Potsdam, the Empress took Lady Macdonell to an apartment, in an inner room of which was a cradle containing a wax model of a baby. Upon the coverlet were the silver rattle, ball, and other toys the child had played with when alive, and, spread upon chairs, the clothes and shoes he had worn. The wax figure was an exact representation of Prince Wenceslau, a child of the Empress who had died in 1866!

Amongst the more popular coffee-houses at the West End—before the rage for founding clubs set in at the beginning of last century—was one kept by a man of the name of Offley, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He was upon intimate terms with most of the celebrities of the day; he lies buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, only a few feet from the back windows of the house with which he was long associated. It was for years the habit for customers and old friends of Offley to meet at the graveside on the anniversary of his death, and there to drink to his memory large and repeated tumblers of the hottest mulled claret.



PIGEONS HELP THE "TANK" IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: WAR BONDS BY PIGEON-POST.

The great sale last week of War Bonds was signalled by novel and very successful features, resulting in an enormous sale of War Bonds and War Savings Certificates. Our photograph shows a mobile pigeon-cote, with soldiers stationed at it. Queen Alexandra was one of the first to make a purchase through this novel agency, and many others adopted the same method.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

the villagers artistically about the approaches to the church, and finally supervising the replacing of the coffin, draperies, trestles, and paper wreaths in the outhouse in which they were stored.

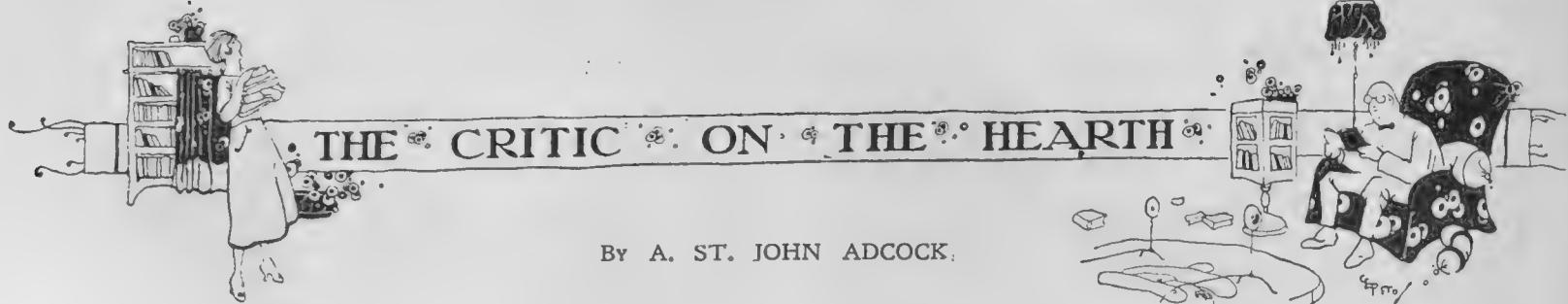
A retired merchant, who lived some years ago between Streatham and the Crystal Palace, made it a practice of attending with his wife every "first night" at the better London theatres, the wife being passionately fond of performances of the kind. At death the lady expressed two wishes—that she should be cremated, and that the urn containing the ashes should be taken by the husband to every "first night." Both were religiously fulfilled, for fully ten years the heart-broken widower taking a box for all first performances, invariably carrying with him the small alabaster urn, and placing

## THE WORST OF LOOKING GOOD AND KIND !



"Please, Mister, will you 'elp me stop young Albert's cryin'?"  
"Certainly, my dear—if you'll tell me what to do."  
"Lest 'op up that tree and 'and me down 'is kite."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

**A**MONG the few wise things that have occurred to professional critics during several centuries, one of the wisest struck that mediæval Italian who said "there are different qualities of literature suited to delight different qualities of person and of mind." Pretty obvious, perhaps; but there is an easy reasonableness about it that compares favourably with the attitude of the superior intellectual who would deny the name of literature to everything he is himself incapable of appreciating. Moreover, it justifies the literary preferences of Molly and the Duke as they are laid down in "Simple Souls."

Molly was fond of reading those sentimental shilling novels that are tremendously popular, but not allowed to come into the best libraries. She didn't believe in what are called realistic stories, because "it isn't real not to be sentimental." She preferred "silly books"—that is, "books where people love each other ridiculously, and do foolish, romantic things." And the Duke went further: he considered that some of the silliest books were the most sensible—"they may be ridiculous, but they are not anaemic," which is a true saying.

This literary discussion followed immediately on a chance meeting in the Snake House at the "Zoo." Molly, a Bermondsey girl, was there because she was "out" of work; the Duke was there because, though still young, he was wholly given over to the scientific study of reptiles; and there they met like a new Adam and Eve, all alone in the middle of the Zoological Gardens, surrounded by more serpents than were necessary to complete the analogy. My acquaintance with Dukes is limited—there is only a limited number of them going about—but in what I may call my little lot there is none that resembles ... Hastings Turner's Duke of Wynninghame. He is as charmingly simple as Molly, yet he knows enough to be able to tell her that "the more a man knows about women the less he is considered fit for married life," and to tell her, too, when she has fallen under suspicion through her innocent association with him, that "it is always the women with the worst figures who are credited with the best intentions." You may say they are too simple and unconventional, and their adventures too delightfully romantic, to be probable; but they "uphold their right to make fools of themselves" in face of all sorts of opposition, and their tale is so fresh and entertaining that you don't care two straws whether it is probable or not.

We shouldn't get into half the troubles that we do if those related to us and a good many strangers were not continually trying to make us do what pleases them instead of letting us do what pleases ourselves. Do you suppose we have made the nigger happier by putting him into trousers and teaching him to work for his living? People do these things because they love us, as Miss Lyndwood says in "The Lyndwood Affair," and because they find it difficult to realise that, instead of being taken care of, "we might be happier and better off with the dangers and discomforts they fear and our own way about them." Still, Sir George Lyndwood would no doubt have been happier if his family could have kept him from marrying Vivienne Bond, for she turned out to have a weakness for secret champagne, and they were on the worst terms together when

she died suddenly at home in the first chapter, and, twenty minutes later, he died in the second chapter on a railway journey. But if these things had not happened Miss Silberrad could not have given us one of the ablest and most baffling of detective romances, with an idyllic little love-story glimmering in the background—so, on the whole, it was all for the best.

Again, Edward Beech's father, in "Love's Orient," would certainly have interfered and stopped his marriage, but he had no chance. Edward was the black sheep, away in South America, and everybody expected he would come back like the orthodox prodigal in due course; but he upset all calculations, and wrote to say he had made one fortune and married another, and was coming home with his wife. He came, and she proved to be a handsome Brazilian, and you know what these girls are with Spanish blood in their veins. Edward's father is a rector, and she does not fit into the rectory at all, so they go away to London, and then things begin to happen. There might have been a divorce later on if she hadn't poisoned herself in Italy, and so cleared the way for Edward to console himself with an idyllic second marriage and settle down as a farmer.

There is nothing so wildly romantic in either of these novels, however, and nothing so improbable in "Simple Souls," as in the squalid story of that outrageous peasant-priest Rasputin as it is told in "The Last of the Romanofs." Sven-gali's hypnotic powers were elementary compared with his; if he had been merely a character in fiction, everybody would have said he was impossible. Beside his hoggish indulgences the ordinary sins of ordinary people in Gilbert Cannan's Byronic epic, "Noel," are as nice as nursery rhymes.

For instance, in Canto I. of this Part II., Henry Higgins, the father of Noel, has an illicit love-affair with a married woman; and in Canto II. Noel himself has a ditto with another married woman at Cambridge. Even earlier than that, before he came over from South Africa, where they were in the middle of the Boer War—

When Noel wished to know how women are made  
He wasted his first love upon a barmaid.

Well, that sort of thing may startle the baa-lambs, but won't shock sophisticated persons like you and me; there is so much of it, and we know so much of it, that, for amusement, we talk about something else. But Gilbert Cannan is one of those simple souls to whom a knowledge of this wickedness always comes as such a fresh surprise that he can't help telling us about it. His ear is defective; he makes a bad hash of his metres at times; but he is brilliantly clever, and might be a full realist, instead of a very limited one, if only he could come out of his corner and grow into a real man of the world.

#### BOOKS TO READ.

Simple Souls. By John Hastings Turner. (Cassell.)  
The Lyndwood Affair. By Una L. Silberrad. (Hutchinson.)  
Love's Orient. By Edgar Wilford. (Jarrold.)  
The Last of the Romanofs. By Charles Rivet. (Constable.)  
Noel: An Epic. Part II. By Gilbert Cannan. (Grant Richards.)  
Alsace-Lorraine. By Jules Duhem. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
There's Pippins and Cheese to Come: Essays. By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated by Theodore Dieckens, jun. (Oxford Press.)

## THE MISTAKE OF "DOING WITHOUT"

THERE is, of course, a certain proud satisfaction in giving up the *unnecessary* things—the mere luxuries and extravagances which are out of place in this time of war.

And the woman who cannot give them up, is certainly not worth the name of Englishwoman.

On the other hand, there are some things which are necessities—for instance, those new clothes which are a joy and tonic all in one.

Indeed, therefore, it seems a pity that any woman should try to "do without" the pretty things which mean so much to her, when every woman—who goes to Harrods—can so easily manage to have everything she wants.

For every penny and pound spent there will not only secure the uttermost return in actual £ s. d. value, but also the priceless satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that what you are wearing is so exactly right that you can have no fear either of outside criticism or of the inner discontent aroused by seeing something you like better when you've no cash left to spend on it!

## THE THREE INDISPENSABLES

Then, even if you are not one of the "do withouts," you are probably one of those who have to choose between some equally needed and desirable things—for example, between those three "indispensables," the Blouse, the Sports Coat, and the Tea-gown:

You know you can't comfortably do without any of them, and yet their combined prices may seem more than you can manage.

That is, until you visit Harrods.

And then you surely find you can work wonders with your money, and have all three! Let us look round at some of Harrods' newest offerings:

## NECKS IN BONDAGE

Quite a number of the new season's blouses show that Fashion is going to make another attempt to bring the necks of her faithful followers into bondage!

But certainly, for those whose throats are sufficiently long and slender, there is special smartness in its high banding with a soft fold of pewter-grey *crêpe-de-Chine*, lined and turned back with navy-blue, the ends of this novel collar-band being crossed in front and threaded through blue button-hole-stitched slots before being finally fastened into trim position on either side.

That this model is one of the newest of the new is also proclaimed by its making, with loose waist-coat fronts fastened with pearl buttons, and finished off with the jauntiest little breast-pocket, piped with blue, and embroidered with blue and silver, the slight fulness of the back being held in at the waist by a banding of blue and then forming a little basque.

So smart is it, indeed, that you would begin to draw rich interest on your outlay of 4½ guineas within the very first day of wearing it.

And, again, the high collar is likely to win some new wearers because of the effective way in which another blouse (priced at 3 gns.) of grey *crêpe-de-Chine*, with many lines of hem-stitching and a decorative array of little buttons and loops, finished off at the neck with a high, close band of navy-blue *moire* ribbon, softened by a turn-over of the grey, a central and single end of narrower blue ribbon tasseled with gold and blue hanging far down at the back and in the front.

## COATS OF COMFORT AND SMARTNESS

The "Sports Coat" department at Harrods is a study in colour which would provide a Futurist artist with inspiration!—there is a notably beautiful coat of pure cashmere (priced at 3 gns.), with roll-collar, side-pockets, and fringed sash, which in its wonderful softness and lightness is a sheer joy to touch and to wear.

A house-jersey in loosely knitted alpaca wool at 2 guineas is also worth seeing and securing; while the increasingly popular jumper shape is well represented—in wool from 49s. 6d., and in spun silk from 59s. 6d.

And for each coat you can—and will, if you are wise—secure a companion scarf.

## THE USEFUL TEA-GOWN

Could anything be more fascinatingly worthy of wear for that first blissful little dinner when he comes home on leave than, for instance, a simple, soft, slip-on gown in amber-yellow brocaded *crêpe-de-Chine*, with just a becoming touch of dark fur at neck and sleeves, and then, hanging straightly over the shoulders, long and wide stoles of cobweb grey chiffon, held in place at either side by a square ornament of the yellow fabric broderied in crystal beads?

Unless, indeed, it were another little dress, of ivory net flounced with lace, and held in slightly to the figure by Empire bands of the pale hyacinth-blue *Georgette* which forms a veiling over-dress with graceful wing sleeves, all edged with a gleaming line of gold, a bunch of little flowers—mauve and pink and blue, with leaves of gold—tucked into their blue band, being the last dainty detail of a truly "alluring" garment.

So I ask you, why do without anything when you can get *everything* at Harrods?

## New Things and Delightful Seen at Harrods

True it is, in Shakespeare's phrase, that "age cannot wither nor custom stale" the infinite variety one finds at Harrods. Indeed, it is very much the other way; the revolving seasons bring their never-ending evidence of Harrods' versatility, resource, and rich creative mastership. These examples will confirm it!



The "Betty" in Schappe *Crêpe*, with handsome spot net collar, finished with dainty motifs. In Pink, Sky, White, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Cherry, Nattier, and Black. A real find at 79/6.

This is the "Mikado," a gorgeous Silk. Broche, with large hemstitch *Georgette* collar and cuffs, waist swathed with broad sash. Harrods offer this in Pink, Fraise, Sky, or Maize, at 6½ gns.



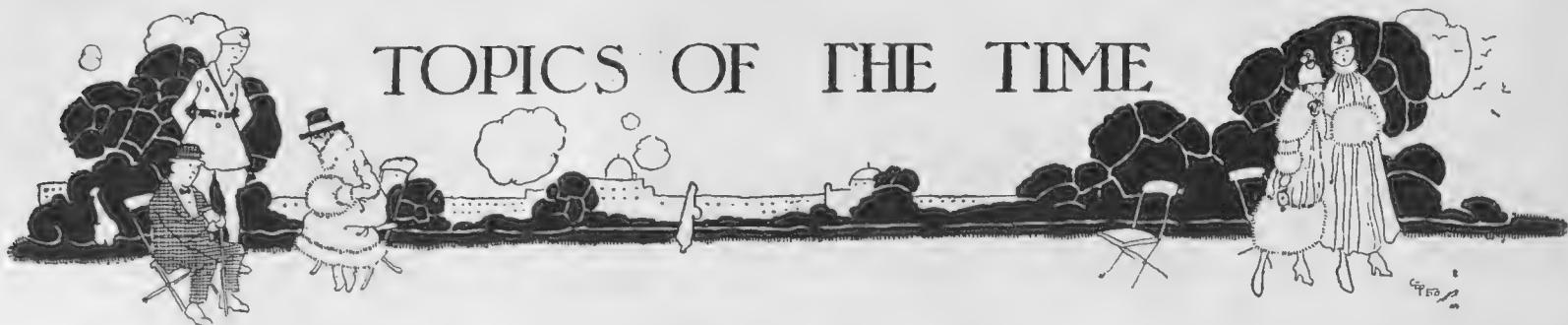
Land Workers should send for Harrods Brochure on "Outfits and Overalls." They will find it most useful.

Could anything be more charming than this Harrods Shirt in heavy *crêpe-de-Chine*? (B.S. "Iris.") The long cross-over revers and double cuffs for links are notable features. In sizes, 13½ to 14½, fine value, at 39/6; (15 ins., 3/- extra).

This well-tailored *Crêpe-de-Chine* Shirt. (B.S. "Almond") has a smart roll collar for wearing over coat. Two large pearl buttons and double-link cuffs. The front and back are pleated to give fullness. Sizes 13½ to 14½, at 49/6 (15 ins., 3/- extra).

Harrods, Ltd., London, S.W. 1.

If you wish to see the newest word in Skirts, ask for Harrods Skirt Folder.



YOU and I had better begin now. It would be agitating for trouble to put off until to-morrow the study of the servant problem under post-war conditions. If you don't believe me, ask my friend and namesake, Mrs. Ernestine Mills, of the Women's Industrial Council. She will tell you, as she has told her comrades of the W.I.C., that the domestic servant of the future is to be an entirely different article from the domestic servant of the past. Indeed, so entirely different that you and I look like being entirely indifferent as to whether we shall want her or not.

To begin with, she will "live out." To end with—but that is no affair of mine. Let me be intermediate. She will come to us in



THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITION: (L. TO R.) GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS, LORD BEAVERBROOK, AND SIR REGINALD BRADE.

In the absence of Lord French, General Sir John Cowans, Quartermaster-General, opened the Exhibition. Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Information, and Sir Reginald Brade, Secretary of the War Office, were among those present.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

instalments—that is to say (as Mrs. Ernestine Mills says), "People requiring early and late service will have to employ relays of workers." More. "Learners will be sent out as mates, like plumbers' apprentices." Still more. "A cunning uniform will be adopted." Even more still. "They will not want to be known as servants, and some name should be found for them other than 'Mary Jane.'" If mine is worth her wage, I'm going to call her Ernestine. If she's coming to mess the place up like a plumber's apprentice, I'm going to call her something else.

Like a true labour member of society, Mrs. Mills is careful to hint at nothing relative to strikes. But they'll come along all right, never fear. In the age that is upon us you won't find the Ernestine and Allied Professions Association standing out in the cold—except with its young man. One of these days it will come to the ears of the E.A.P. Association that an Ernestine has been spoken to severely for giving baby the paraffin cork to suck, and a trifle of 150,000 sympathising comrades will down dusters. It's the strike that's worrying me—that, and the relay system. Listen—

When Mary Jane is Ernestine, in cunning uniform, there's sure to be (as I've foreseen) a great domestic storm. For her the plan of Mrs. Mills is grand to a degree; but would you say it quite fulfils the wants of you and me? Perhaps you'd like to peep behind the blind of my prophetic mind?

I see a mistress asking Jane—beg pardon, Ernestine—to wash the coffee-pot again because it was not clean. I see appear the Second One, and hear her blamed for what the Early Ernestine had done—or not done—to the pot! And then I see that pot referred—my word!—to Ernestine the Third!

I see an Ernestine dismissed for some outrageous thing. I hear her comrades all insist on strikes and picketing. I see the helpful *Daily Mile*, our feelings to assuage, produce the chief offender's "smile" upon its hindmost page! In point of fact, I see it means the "situation's" Ernestine's!

What are *your* war boots like? I don't like the look of mine at all. And I don't really mean mine, but the pair I've seen from the safe side of the shop-window. The stitches don't look to me

like real stitches. There's an appearance about them of having been stencilled on. The tabs seem to be of a coarser webbing than one usually sees. The hooks look sharp-edged, and as if they would cut the boots adrift from their fastenings in about five minutes.

I love you not, oh, war-time boot—my words are few and free. The fact is quite beyond dispute, you were not made for me! Already Mars a blow has dealt to make my footing lame! Believe me, oft enough I felt the pinch before you came!

Necessity is the mother of Abstention. And Abstention is the mother of all sorts of quaint and curious things in the realms of alcohol—among these, "pretty public-houses"! My newspaper tells me that in Carlisle the public-houses are so altered that their own mother—their first mother, Alcoholic Excess—wouldn't know them. All bottles have been removed from the windows (by the mother of Abstention?), and the bended brush of the house-decorator, well loaded with virgin white paint, has descended more or less drippingly on all lettering having reference, on an oak-grained background, to such old-fashioned nonsense as first-class wines, spirits, and beers. Further, the windows are adorned with pots of flowers and charmingly draped curtains.

It was pretty late one morning of a pretty wretched day, when a pretty weary worker in a pretty thirsty way thought a pretty decent "gargle" would be pretty sure to charm, and be pretty well impossible to do him any harm.

After making pretty certain that the coast was pretty clear (for his pretty strict employer was residing pretty near), he departed pretty quickly, with expression pretty bland, to a pretty little "public" which was pretty close at hand.

In a pretty cosy corner he was pretty soon at home, and the pretty barmaid (pretty hair and very pretty comb) made some pretty frequent visits to the pretty curtained bar, with a pretty brandy bottle with a pretty triple star.

It was all so very pretty, with its pictures pretty gay, that he found it pretty difficult to tear himself away. And before the pretty clock had struck, the laggards to remind, it was pretty plain our pretty thirsty friend was pretty blind!

Now, I'm feeling pretty certain that this pretty curtain stunt, though it may look pretty pretty to the people from the front, is a pretty big temptation for a pretty wicked "douse"! Anyway, that's my opinion of the "Pretty Public House."

A. B. M.



THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF BRITISH BATTLE PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR: A GENERAL VIEW IN THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

The Exhibition contains over 150 photographs, giving a vivid impression of battle scenes. One, called "Dreadnoughts on the Battlefield," taken during a recent British advance on the Western Front, is the largest photograph in the world. The enlarged colour photographs are the work of Lieutenant Brooks and Lieutenant Brook.

Photograph by Sport and General.



IN homes of luxury and refinement—from the Far East to the Near West—Nestor is the chosen cigarette. Its subtle aroma and distinctive flavour commend it to the man and woman of cultured taste, in every clime.

The name Nestor and the Government stamp on the packet guarantee Nestor's Egyptian origin.

## NESTOR GIANACLIS CIGARETTES

SOME POPULAR SIZES

**SURFINE:**  
10, 1/-; 20, 2/-; 25, 2/6;  
50, 5/-; 100, 9/11.

**EXCELSIOR (MILDER):**  
10, 10/-; 25, 2/1; 50, 4/-;  
100, 8/-.

At all high-class Tobacconists throughout the world.

**LADIES' CIGARETTES (GOLD 'P):**  
'Queen,' 25, 3/-; 100, 13/-.  
'Setos Amber' (Orientaly perfumed), 10, 1/10;  
20, 3/8; 50, 9/-; 100, 17/9.



"I must apologise for being late. Both laces broke and not another in the house."  
Hostess: "Why don't you ask always for HURCULACES?"



### HURCULACES are the ideal Laces for BOOTS or SHOES

You may not need a new pair of laces just now, but you will sooner or later. Remember, a pair in the hand is worth two in the shop, so make a point of asking for HURCULACES on the way home. They are strong, well dyed, and firmly tagged—and they are British made.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.



**G. SIMS**

(Ex-Sergeant)

**LONDON  
REGIMENT,  
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.**

"I was one of the 1st Expeditionary Force to go to France, namely, Nov. 3, 1914, then enjoying the best of health. After the first three months in the Trenches I began to get bad nerves and health began to go in general, so I sent home for Phosferine, seeing one of your advertisements, and after this I had a bottle sent out practically every parcel, and I began to get back to my old self. I went through the battles of Neuve Chapelle, March 1915, Festubert, May 9, 1915, and on the Somme in 1916, so this speaks well for your wonderful medicine. You can guess what one's nerves get like after going through such terrible Bombardment as we had in the above Battles. I was awarded the Military Medal for carrying messages through a heavy Barrage and Machine-Gun Fire, and I only attribute the good luck through my nerves being in a good state thanks to Phosferine. I think I can only thank Phosferine for the good health and nerves, and in helping me to stick the rough life of soldiering on Active Service after civilian life for such a period without a breakdown."

This far-sighted Sergeant is well repaid for leaving nothing to chance; he knew Phosferine would enable his nerve forces to cope with the grim hardships of Active Service. Phosferine endowed his system with the extra vitality which alone brought him safely through all the hazards and privations he experienced.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

# PHOSFERINE

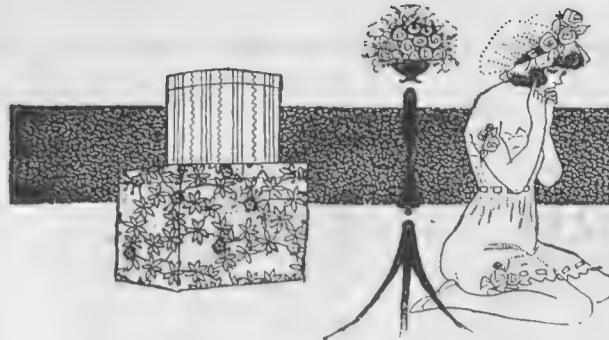
| A PROVEN REMEDY FOR |                    |           |            |
|---------------------|--------------------|-----------|------------|
| Nervous Debility    | Neuralgia          | Lassitude | Backache   |
| Influenza           | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis  | Rheumatism |
| Indigestion         | Premature Decay    | Faintness | Headache   |
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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

### SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



**Keeping Up Appearances.**

Even those who disapprove most of her vagaries won't deny that Fashion this spring is keeping up appearances wonderfully well. It is impossible to help admiring the cleverness with which she triumphs over every adversity. There was a dye difficulty. The frock-makers said so, and they ought to know. Fashion immediately signed a self-denying ordinance in regard to colour, and the mode for many months was as sober in colouring as the heart of the most puritanical could desire, whilst yet contriving to maintain a flippancy that was in piquant contrast to its nunlike simplicity. Now, apparently, the dye difficulty has been overcome, or, if it hasn't, then La Mode has determined to make the most of the pieces that remained over when she decided to live a quiet life. Frocks are not only gay this spring; they are positively exhilarating. The views on dress that carry the most weight with women are those expressed

by the "home-on-leaves," who are almost unanimous in agreeing that a few days spent in their company is the best preparation for the great Western offensive that everyone's waiting for that they know.

**Back to the Victorian.**

Women these days have invaded men's "sphere" to such an extent that there's just a chance that they may one day succeed in seizing that symbol of masculinity, the trouser, for their own use. The uniform habit, too—a very good one in war-time, by the way—has its dangers. There are people who fear that woman the gentle and clinging may, as a result of in-

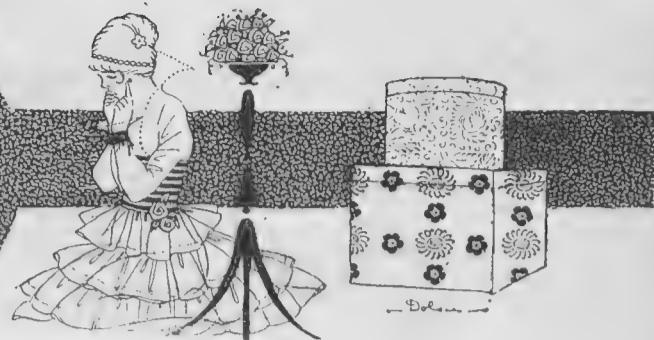
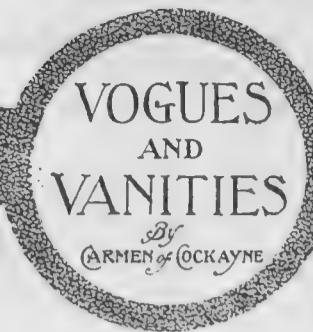


*It is a close-fitting cape of lace edged with pearls, and its chief mission in life is to be beautiful.*

dulging in clothes formed after the pattern of those worn by mere man, develop all the drawbacks that distinguish the character of her lord and master, Adam. Fashion, at least, means to take no risks in this direction. It seems ludicrous to suggest that we are returning to Victorian modes, but it is undoubtedly true that some of the smartest wraps, hats, and even frocks show unmistakable signs of the styles of sixty or more years ago, when women were "really feminine," and laboured to express it in the clothes they wore.

**Hat Contrasts.** Side by side with the trim, workmanlike hats that are so becoming to modern women one finds feathered and beribboned affairs that are the lineal descendants of the ridiculous affairs to which Tenniel owed so much of his fame. There are curious little shawl-coats and

wraps, almost tippets, that cling about the shoulders of the wearer, and look, one can't help thinking, almost absurdly out of place on the energetic, capable, and self-reliant beings whom they cover to-day. Their bobbing fringed edges and the elaborate display of embroidery that covers almost the whole of their surface, as well as the wide, feather-trimmed hats made to accompany them, belong to an age when it was womanly to faint and ladylike to cry rather than to days when women have shown themselves capable of perfect coolness under circumstances which would test the nerves of the best-balanced male.



**The Value of Variety.**

However, variety is the salt of fashion, and at least no one can accuse things in the dress world—woman's dress world, at any rate—of being dull, or indeed, of being anything but calculated to raise spirits liable to the depression inseparable from the daily round of war-time existence. The desire for novelty has taken the milliner along many and varied paths. No one need be Victorian against their will. They may be Persian or Turkish, a lopt the headgear of the Redskin, or merely stick to the modern labelled Parisian without feeling anything but up-to-date. Of all the novelties in head-covering the Redskin toque is, perhaps, the most striking. No brave ever wore better quills than those that form the feathered palisade surmounting the headband of a toque of this type; no Eastern beauty ever owned caps that outrivaled in splendour the gem-studded creations of purple and gold and green and silver tissue or net, or both mingled,

which the smart woman interposes between her well-brushed locks and the eyes of an admiring world.

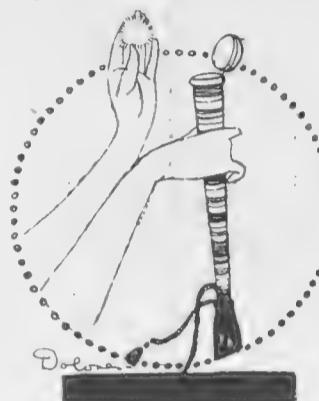
**Trifling Topics.** Then there are the trifles which, in the hand of the expert, play such an important part in every dress scheme. A good deal of attention just now is being concentrated on the collar question. Necks have led rather a lonely existence for the last two years. Blouses and frocks alike left them severely out in the cold. But

the collar shows signs of returning to its old allegiance. Even now in not a few instances it is holding the neck of lovely woman in an embrace almost too close to be altogether comfortable to a race of beings who have learnt to appreciate the freedom that has been theirs for so many months. One sees the collar chiefly on the new tailored frocks, some of which are plain to the point of almost unbecoming severity. For the present, however, the high neckbands are of some soft material, and are usually arranged in folds. Quite often they end in a coquettish bow placed at one side of the neck, in the fashion of the middle and later 'nineties. These bows, by the way, are often seen divorced from bands of any kind, perched inconsequently on the shoulder or a coat rever, just as fancy pleases.

**The Important Bags.**

Handbags are amongst the few things that really deserve their title of indispensables.

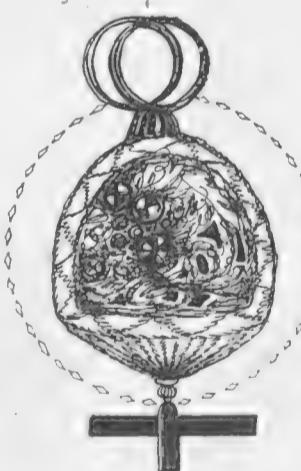
Now that every shop bristles with imploring notices begging "customers to carry home their small purchases," and, by inference, help to win the war in so doing, handbags have broken out into all kinds of new shapes and sizes. Most of them are at least large enough to accommodate all of the meat and poultry that Lord Rhondda allows us to eat. All of them are of materials more or less useful in character, though that, as Dolores shows, does not prevent them combining beauty with utility.



*Showing that an umbrella handle can have more than one use.*



*The neck-bow is back again. This one is of gold-edged silk ribbon, and has a gold flower in the centre.*



*Bags must be useful as well as ornamental at a time when every woman carries her own parcel.*



*A hat of oyster-coloured hatter's plush with drooping feathers of the same colour. The ribbon is of Nankin blue.*



*New times, new trifles. The cases are intended to carry ration cards and sugar.*



## Tailor Suits for Early Spring



**The "LYGON."**—New Spring Tailor Suit—perfectly plain coat over an excellent pleated skirt—this garment is perfection in cut and finish. In navy, black, and grey suiting, and shepherd checks 7½ Gns. In navy, black, and coloured Gaberdine, also navy and white and black and white stripes 8½ Gns.

**The "HAYDON."**—New Spring Tailor Coat and Skirt in excellent quality Scotch Tweeds in a good range of colours and greys. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. 6½ Gns. Also available in Covert Coatings and Grey Suitings 7½ Gns.

**The "BELVOIR."**—New Spring Coat and Skirt in a good range of Scotch Tweeds, Checks, and plain mixtures. Coat has waterproof lining. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. 5½ Gns. Also in Grey Suitings 7 Gns.

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For stocks are running low and out of certain sizes and shops can now obtain only limited, indeed only rationed, supplies from the factory at Stafford.

At 27/6 a pair these boots are extraordinary value, this price covering only the actual cost of manufacture, plus a fixed, moderate profit for makers and sellers.

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Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots  
Agents everywhere



Prices are always  
branded on the  
soles by the makers

# "Aquascutum"



## TRENCH COAT.

Lined detachable Fleece,  
Fur or Leather.

*Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.*

Officers on Active Service who have had the opportunity of testing many different makes of Waterproof are unanimous in the opinion that the only coat that has proved thoroughly reliable is the AQUASCUTUM.

Received from B.E.F., Salonika, 6/12/17

"I got one of your trench coats in August. Since coming out here I have had occasion to test it in rains heavier by far than anything one ever gets in France. It has never let any in at all, nor has there been any sign of damp on the inside. The seatless shorts are also good."

*The original may be seen by anyone interested.*

Infantry ... ... ... 5 guineas.  
Cavalry ... ... ... 5½ guineas.  
Detachable Fleece  
Lining ... from 2 guineas.

There is only one AQUASCUTUM  
Do not accept inferior imitations.

Sold in all Principal Towns by our  
recognised Agents.

**AQUASCUTUM, LTD.**  
*By Appointment to His Majesty the King.*

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.  
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Can you tell a  
Genuine Pearl  
when you see one?

## CIRO PEARLS

are acknowledged by the Press to be the most perfect reproduction of genuine Pearls.

*The Bystander* says: "Ciro Pearls are miles ahead of anything else in the artificial pearl market. They last as long and look as well as the real thing."

*The Sketch* says: "Ciro Pearls and real pearls are twin sisters; you go to Ciro's with the knowledge that nowhere else could you make so fine an investment."

*The Tatler* says: "Ciro necklets are really marvellous; they render the purchase of real pearls an extravagance."

*Leach's* says: "Ciro's have the most marvellous reproductions of pearl necklets. It is impossible to tell them from the real."

*Brighty* says: "The only difference between Ciro Pearls and the real is the price."

Besides praise from the most prominent papers which must convince the most sceptic person, we can show you hundreds of wonderful testimonials from all parts of the world praising the value of our goods. You would be surprised if you knew the Society people who wear Ciro Pearls, and everyone thinks they are real.

*This is a photographic reproduction of a Ciro Pearl Necklet, also Single Pearl Ring. Price £1.1.0 each (including case, 2/- extra.)*

CIRO PEARLS are sold at one price only. Whether a gorgeous string of pearls—graduated or otherwise—a ring, a brooch, a pair of earrings, or any jewel, designs of which appear in our booklet, which we will send on request, no matter what size pearl you require you need not ask the price; each article is sold at £1.1.0. The mountings are as exquisite as if the pearls were genuine.

We will give you the opportunity to see same at your home. Our plan is simplicity itself.

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or any of our Jewels on receipt of £1.1.0. Wear either for a week.

Compare these with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls.

If you are not satisfied, or if your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

Our Showrooms are situated on the first floor at 42, PICCADILLY, W. 1 (directly opposite Prince's Restaurant). If you cannot call and see our Pearls, send us your order; it shall have our intelligent, careful service. **The Ciro Scientific Pearl Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 5).



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It is no trouble or expense to use Icilma Shampoo Sachets, and the result is sure to please you. These delightful Shampoos make a thoroughly cleansing lather which removes every particle of dust, thus preventing dandruff and leaving the hair soft, fluffy, and fresh.

Nowadays, when so many women are at work in dusty roads and buildings, a good shampoo is essential. There are no better Wet Shampoos than Icilma Shampoo Sachets, the only ones which help the hair to grow.

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Shampoo Sachets

2d. per pkt.; 7 for 1/-; everywhere—pronounced Eye-Silma.

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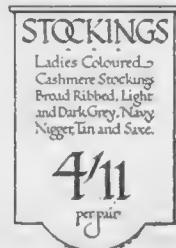


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NEW KNITTED SPORTS COAT (as sketch), made from a very durable quality of mercerised cotton, soft texture and very bright finish. In black, white, and a good variety of shades.

Price 37/6



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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
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NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.



## The Spécialité Corset Regd

TYPE 315

is a dainty Corset made of rich Silk Broché Batiste, it is of medium depth and is fitted with real Whalebone; made in White only.

SIZE. PRICE.  
21 to 30 ins. . . . 39/6

You can always depend on your requirements by post being attended to promptly by a staff of experienced assistants.

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Illustrated Catalogue  
post free on request.



"Not ten yoke of oxen have the power to draw us like a Woman's Hair."

Longfellow.

THE finishing touch to all your charms of beauty, which will render their impressions irresistible, is "La Naturelle," the new French toupet.

Made with natural wavy hair on a featherweight foundation, it has a *natural parting*, which will deceive everyone into the impression that the hair is actually growing from the scalp.

"La Naturelle" — Nature's duplicate — is indistinguishable from living hair. Each postiche can be parted or arranged in any style, to suit individual or fashionable tastes, by the wearer herself.

**Toupet from 4 Guineas.**

Full Transformation from 10 Guineas.

The "Times" system of instalments is available

Call and interview M. Georges.

Send for "Appro." selection, or write for CATALOGUE DE LUXE.

*"La Naturelle"*



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Patent No. 10044/1910 & 4597/1912

That uncertain moment between youth and middle age is admirably anticipated, and provided with a Corset of remarkable comfort and support known as the "Jenyns' Patent Reducing Corset."

Stocked by all leading Drapers. We shall be pleased to send an illustrated Booklet, and the name of a Retailer, if you will forward us your address.

J&N Philips & Co Ltd  
ADVERT DEPT MANCHESTER

**CHARMING  
R E S T  
FROCK**

Designed to meet the present demand for simple yet effective gowns at a really moderate price.

SMART TEAFROCK, made in rich quality Charmeuse, the bodice arranged with coatee effect, finished with flower at waist, new draped skirt.

In all pale shades and black.

PRICE

**7  $\frac{1}{2}$  Gns.**

*NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.*

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Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.





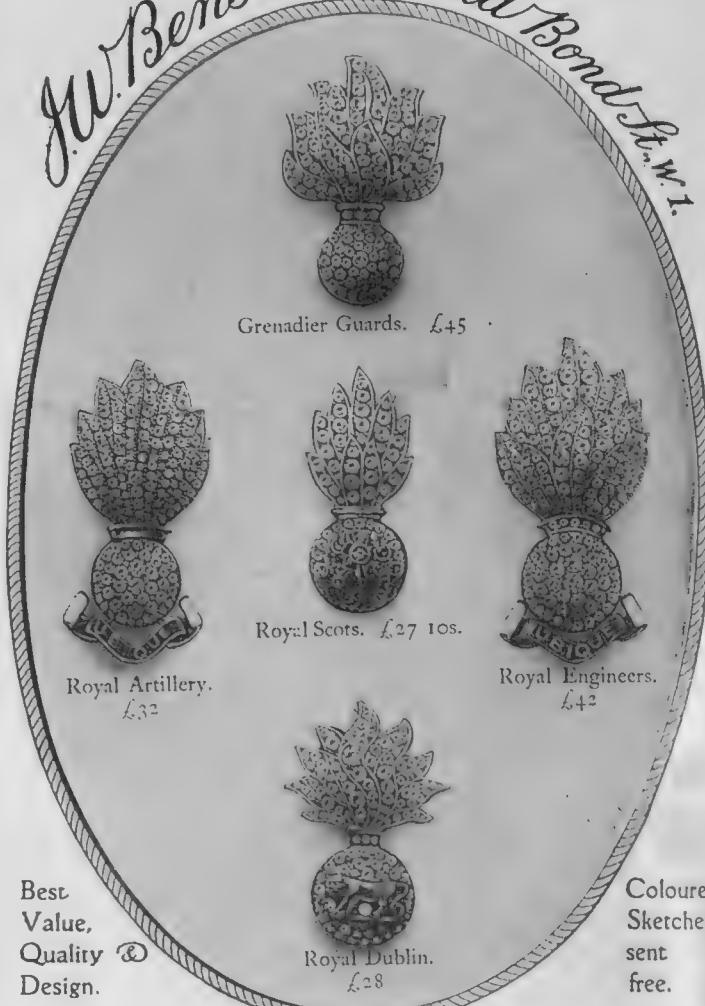
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Because it's Silky-soft  
Protection.  
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It is quite the Smartest Blouse  
Material in the market. Ask  
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In Stripes and Self-colours.  
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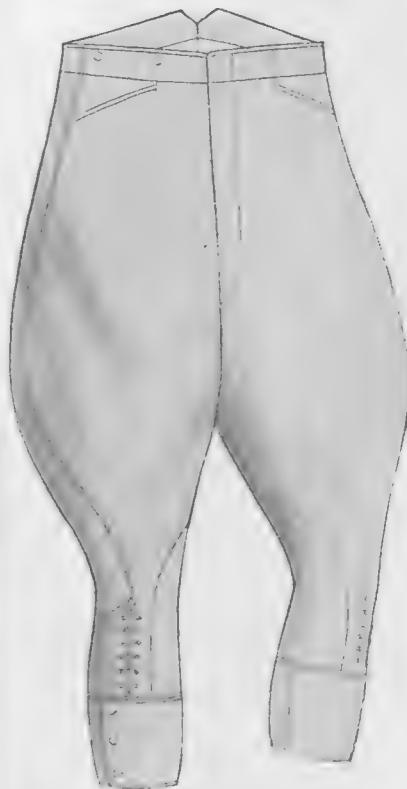
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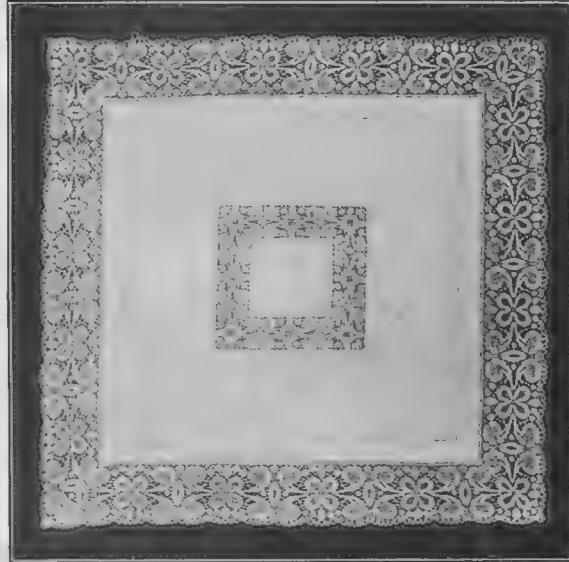
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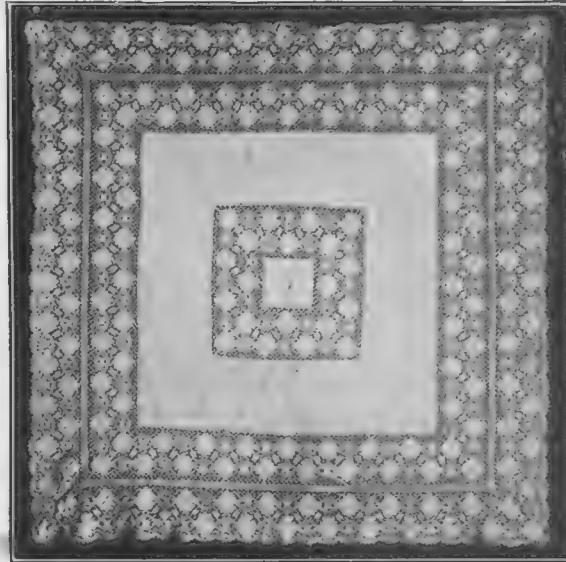
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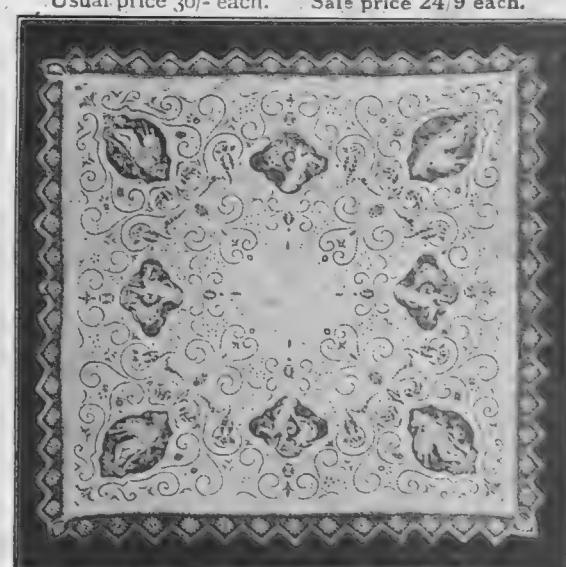
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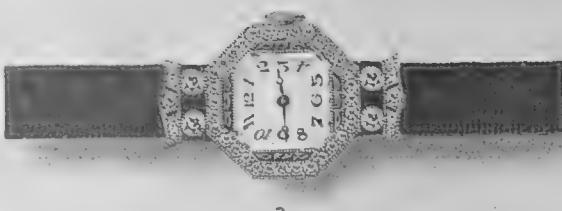
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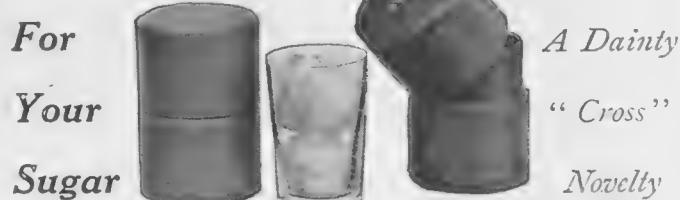
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Established 1907.



## THE WOMAN ABOVE TOWN

**The Lean Kine.** "Eat your rations and don't talk about them," should be the latest copy-book heading. There is nothing for anyone to worry about—except the greedy, and they will be pounds better for eating pounds less. It was in the Formosa Oolong Tea-Rooms, 36, Piccadilly, where there is always a rendezvous of khaki, blue, and petticoats—oh, we still wear them, although they are under orders to depart again—at lunch and tea time, that I

appreciated by men on war service—the "Bivouac," for instance, which folds up small enough to fit in an overcoat pocket, and can quite quickly and easily be set up; then there is the "Motor" tent, which does for four or six men; and there is the "Improved Gipsy," which is very light, of small bulk, and can be used conveniently for either single or double handed camping. Every contingency of camp life has been thought of and provided for. These tents are the acme of lightness, compactness, comfort, and good value—the prices being very moderate.

**Where "Miss" is Missing.** It is amusing, if not very useful, to read the accounts of meetings of women who, in war time, are reforming the world of the future by

words. The status of the domestic servant is diagnosed as low; the price of a good one is above rubies—she is as difficult to find as the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay, and as difficult to keep as the nimble ninepence. She is, in fact, the only indispensable; and yet we learn that her *low* status must be improved. She is to be trained in local centres, and sent out to work in shifts, and to be called "Miss," and to be submitted to higher education. There is to be no more living-in, no more gossiping about family affairs, no more waste of time or of food: a domestic-service Utopia—not in deed, or in fact, but in words! "Help, help!" cry mistresses and servants. "What a horrible threat!" Living-in is one of the things servants love, and for which they suffer many inconveniences. The refined and educated women working for the country use surnames only; we are all servants to somebody or something; and service of any kind, if good, is not low.

**The "Waacs" and Their Needles.** I am told that the "Waacs," like Mother Eve

out of Paradise, get very tired of uniform fig-leaves. The shop-windows are becoming Easter-like and spring-like, and the "Waacs" hearts are as wax to these displays. The only way out is to look in, so their love of dainty and pretty clothes is expended on "undies," and so the smart women of the "Waacs" hie them to Harrod's; buy the prettiest models, and materials wherever to copy the same; and spend their time, spared from auxiliary soldiering, in delightfully dainty stitching.



WELL-EARNED RECOGNITION: A TRIBUTE TO MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

The inimitable comedian, Mr. George Robey, has many times "done his bit" for the war in various directions, and his skill in raising funds for war charities has been recognised by the presentation to him of the beautiful Sheraton tea and coffee service illustrated. It was made with their customary skill by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W., and Mr. W. H. Dunn acted as Chairman of the Presentation Committee. The substantial surplus above the cost of the service has been given by Mr. Robey himself to charity.

heard a rotund Staff Officer deliver himself of a thanksgiving for rations. He said that all his life he had been rotund, and all his life a small eater—and now he hoped to be accredited with the latter virtue. Pharaoh's lean kind were those who, he declared, ate us out of beef and butter. "No man," he said, "could wish for a better lunch or tea than they give you here—yet I know chaps, not half my size, you see lunching here, and, ten minutes later, they lunch further along, and so on *ad libitum*!"

**Now's the Time.** Now is the time to reinforce the linen cupboard; to buy nice, dainty white undies for self and the lilliputs; to buy pretty blouses and dainty skirts. Why is now the time? Not, as I write, because the weather is balmy, but because those great linen merchants Robinson and Cleaver have a White Sale at the Linen Hall, Regent Street. It is now in progress, and will be until the 18th inst. There are bargains in bed and table linen, in under-linen, in petticoats, skirts, and blouses, in "Le Facile" corsets, in washing-dress fabrics, in curtains, in handkerchiefs, and in dainty and fashionable deep embroidered collars. Government limits largely the amount of linen made for civilian use—therefore only this firm's present stocks can be offered, and in the sale are included fancy tea-cloths, tray-cloths, and sideboard-cloths. Everything is marked considerably below present prices, and so the sale is a really favourable opportunity for advantageous purchase.

**In Tented Fields.** There are comforts for our warriors even in the midst of campaigning. One of these is a really warm, yet light and compact, sleeping-bag. Such a one is very properly registered under the name "Comfy." It weighs under four pounds, and will roll up into a package about eight inches long by three or four in diameter. In eiderdown, ordinary size, it costs 84s., and weighs 1½ lb.; in best Arctic down, 60s., and weighs 2 lb. It is a ready-made dream for a tired man to crawl into and have a deep, refreshing sleep. There are wonderful tents too, which are enormously



On the right we have a most becoming nightdress of heavy, flesh-coloured georgette. It is picot-edged, and its only trimming is a blue satin ribbon at the waist. The rest-gown depicted combines use with beauty. It is made of broché silk of contrasting bright colours. Swansdown finishes the neck and sleeves, and the lining is of white charmeuse.



Every fit woman can release a fit man—  
WOMEN ARE URGENTLY WANTED FOR SERVICE either AT HOME OR ABROAD AS—

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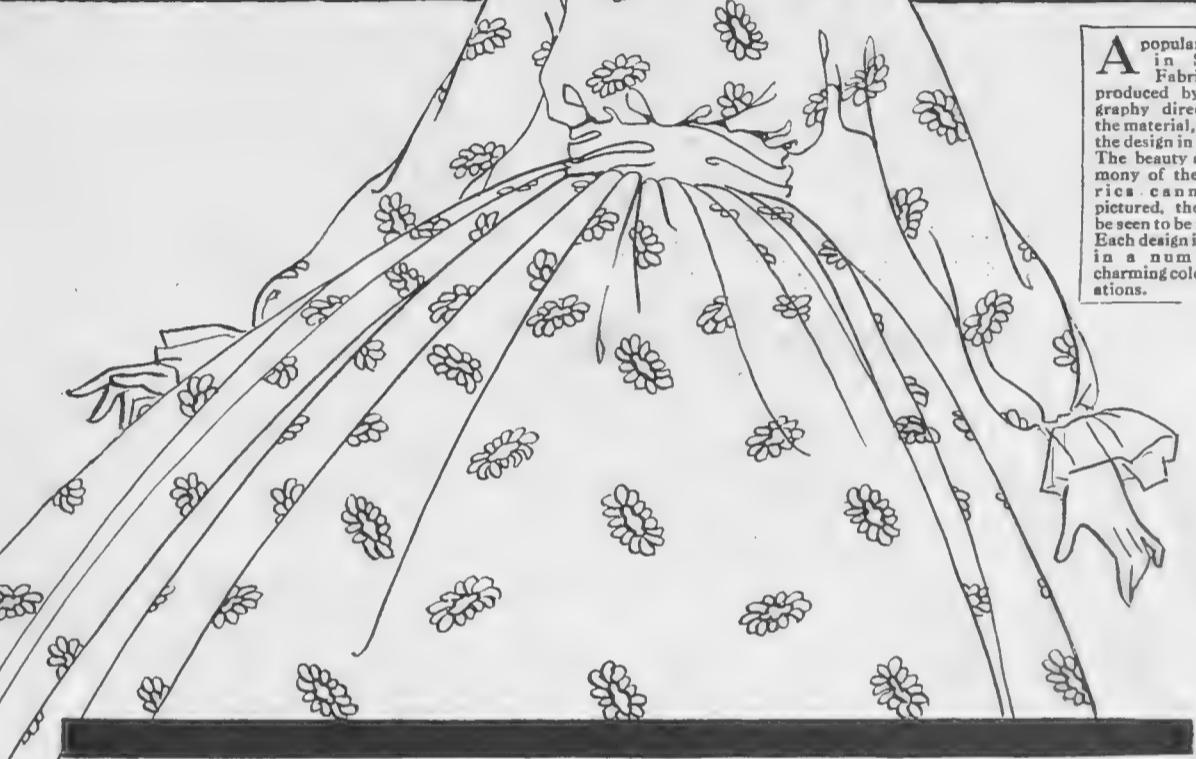
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These Fabrics are particularly suitable for war-time wear. The bold design and vivid colours make it unnecessary to use any elaborate trimmings—in fact, they look their best in a simple make-up; they are therefore economical from first to last, and on truly appropriate lines for present conditions.

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## A FRENCH APPRECIATION OF GENERAL TRENCHARD. BY C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

ONE of the best character-sketches which have appeared for some considerable time was published in a French paper, *L'Illustration*, the other day. M. Gustave Babin, in an excellent article on the Royal Flying Corps, which he described as "that perfect war machine," devoted considerable space to a description of Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard, now Chief of the Air Staff in the new Air Force, but presumably, when M. Babin met him, G.O.C. Royal Flying Corps in the field.

**The R.F.C. and its Creator.** M. Babin credits Sir Douglas Haig with having said that General Trenchard was "the one man who had completely 'realised' the war." The phrase is somewhat vague and yet comprehensive; but those who know General Trenchard's work will recognise its truth. As M. Babin says, "He started to create a great air force with the help of a single clerk." That just about describes the state of affairs when Major Trenchard, as he then was, arrived at Farnborough in August 1914, from the Central Flying School, and took over a number of empty sheds and an office, the inmates of which had gone off to France with the late Sir James Grierson and the "contemptible little army."

**The Mastery of the Air.** From that beginning arose the Air Force of to-day. General Trenchard built up the organisation at home, and then he went to France and took over the command in the field, where he built up the spirit in the R.F.C. which has given the Corps at the present moment such mastery in the air as had never been even imagined to be possible. The extent of that mastery is best realised by the official figures for bomb-dropping during January, recently published. These figures, which apply to the Western Front only, read thus: Enemy bombs dropped in British areas, by day, 221; by night, 1261; total, 1482. British bombs dropped in enemy areas, by day, 5900; by night, 1753; total, 7653.

**British Daylight Bombing.** The interesting point is that, though the difference in night bombing is comparatively small—a mere thirty per cent. or so in our favour—the difference in day bombing is enormous, our people having, apparently, dropped nearly thirty bombs to the Germans'

one. What that means is that, while the Germans only dare to sneak over in the dark and hustle off home again, the British—and be it very distinctly remembered—the aviators of the Overseas Dominions go over in broad daylight and bomb the Hun when they can see their marks and have a reasonable chance of hitting them. While giving every credit to our brilliant aeroplane designers and constructors, like Captain de Havilland, Captain Barnwell, and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, who have provided the machines which have made such performances possible, all the finest machines in the world could not have produced such results without the man behind the aviators, who has built up their *moral* as well as seeing that they got the machines. And that man is certainly General Trenchard.

**General Trenchard's Personality.** Our good M. Babin describes him as impressing one with his "energy, vigour, balance, and courage." He refers to the General's Norman ancestry, thus justifiably appropriating to France some of the credit for the good work done. And he pictures the General, among a wealth of picturesque description, as having "something of Kitchener's giant build." Those who know something of the inner workings of the R.F.C. realise that great military qualities as a strategist and tactician, huge driving force, the ability to inspire enthusiasm in others and to create faith in his judgment, form the foundation on which the present Chief of the Air Staff has built the success of the R.F.C. in the field.

### A Career Only Beginning.

None the less, it is good to see that our gallant Allies the French have had an opportunity of reading a very excellent description of one of the greatest soldiers who have been revealed by this war—and one, moreover, of whom it has been said that his career is only now beginning. To be the Chief of so great a force as the new Third Service at the age of forty-five is surely a wonderful opportunity for any man; but, on the other hand, the Air Force is fortunate in having had so able an officer to steer it through its early difficulties so that it may play the part which it is destined to play before this war is over.

### Balloon-Traps for Aeroplanes.

Apropos the air war in general, it is interesting to notice, in a despatch from Holland, that the Germans are protecting Zeebrugge against air raiders by means of captive balloons. The yarn says that the balloon-cables are electrified, though how the electrification of a single cable without any "earth," or return circuit, is going to electrocute anybody is not clear. Still less is it clear how it is going to electrocute an insulating substance like the wood of an aeroplane. Presumably, the notion is that our night bombers will blunder into the cables and smash themselves up, which they would do if they flew low enough. The idea is not by any means new, for it was proposed in print in this country late in 1914, or early 1915, when Zeppelin raids were threatened. We had no kite-balloons in those days; but, on the other hand, Zeppelins only navigated in calm weather, so ordinary spherical balloons would have served their purpose. Our idea in those days was to hang bombs on the balloons, so that, if and when a Zeppelin hit them, it would go "pop." But at that time our politicians were not used to spending hundreds of thousands of pounds on a piece of an air scheme.



WITH A BRITISH DAY BOMBING SQUADRON AT THE FRONT: A BIG BOMB USED BY OUR FLYING MEN.  
Official Photograph.



AS IN LONDON: A STATION OF THE PARIS UNDERGROUND AS AIR-RAID SHELTER.

It will be noted that the word *Abri* (shelter) appears above the entrance, and that it can be illuminated at night. The notice on the door, translated, reads: "Station can be used as a shelter in case of alarm."—[French Official Photograph.]

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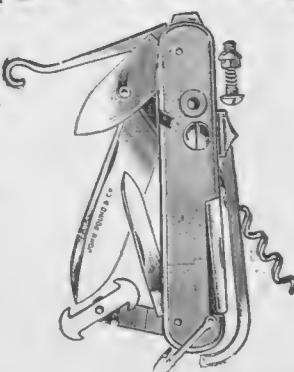


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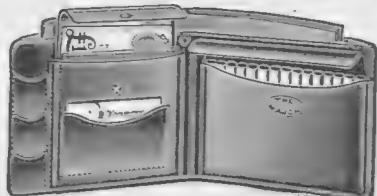


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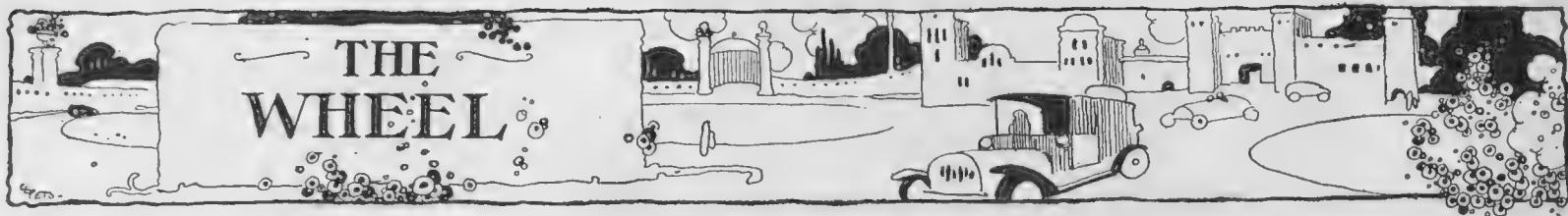
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**NO JUNE PETROL STOPPAGE LIKELY: A PARIS REPORT: THINGS TANKS DO BESIDES FIGHTING.**

**An Unfounded Rumour.**

With much circumstantiality, a rumour has been current for the past few days to the effect that all supplies of petrol would be stopped next June, save to commercial cars, but that gas would be available as an alternative without restriction. There is nothing in this story. No alteration has been planned, nor is in prospect, in the scheme inaugurated at the beginning of the present year, when the modes in which petrol and coal-gas respectively could be used were clearly laid down. They may briefly but usefully be recapitulated as follows: The primary consideration is the right to use a car or otherwise. If you can show that you are engaged on work of national importance, or can even establish the necessity of a car to your domestic life in circumstances which make the use of any other means of locomotion impossible and prevent your obtaining food supplies unless you can fetch them yourself by road, you will be allotted a certain quantum of petrol for the purpose. Alternatively, you may use coal-gas, and as regards quantity there is no positive restriction. For one thing, it would be difficult to check—in households, at all events, which are supplied with gas; and, in the second place, it is impossible to travel very far on gas, be the supply restricted or otherwise. But the main thing to bear in mind is that you cannot use gas at all unless you have equally the right to use petrol.

**Another "New Fuel."**

The quest for a new fuel in lieu of petrol has now been so long sustained as to threaten seriously the supremacy of the ever-approaching invention of a substitute for the pneumatic tyre. As a result, "Petrol Superseded" is now becoming a familiar headline in the dailies which formerly have announced the death of the air-shod wheel on countless occasions. However, there appears to be a shade more verisimilitude than usual in the latest report, which emanates from Paris, and concerns a fuel alleged to be distilled from heavy oils resultant from the distillation of coal. The new fuel is declared to leave no residue of carbon, and therefore will not foul the cylinders of an internal-combustion engine, while the consumption is said to be lower than in the case of petrol. Even if the facts be correctly stated, however, it may be regarded as extremely probable that the method of extracting the fuel has already been tried in England, and for one reason or another not proved a commercial success. But even if the fuel is not only new but satisfactory, it can offer no relief where the British public is concerned, for everything from which motor-spirit could possibly be produced has long since been earmarked for Government purposes.

**The Versatile Tank.**

What with the "Tank Fortnight" in London and the publication of Sir Douglas Haig's report on the Cambrai battles, the doings of our chain-track armoured tractors have of late attracted more attention than ever. It might almost be said, indeed, that, even if they had failed to come up to expectations at the front, they have justified their existence at home by their extraordinary value as a means of "booming" the sale of War Bonds. In that respect their services have been priceless, and the name of the man who conceived the idea of utilising them in this way deserves to be published broadcast, if only as a shining contrast to sundry failures in other directions to seize occasion by the hand. But it is as well to point out at this juncture that at the front itself the Tanks are very far from being engines of war which are only used for one specific purpose, and lie uselessly idle save when a definite offensive is in progress. As a matter of fact, their hauling power is of invaluable utility in situations where horses would be useless. A very interesting description, for example, has appeared in the *Motor* of the ways in which Tanks are frequently employed for non-combative purposes, such as pulling lorries out

of the mud, taking big guns into position, and also dragging horse-drawn guns out of mud or over sand-dunes. Time after time they have come to the relief of the horses in the one field in which the horse was formerly regarded as supreme and the mechanically propelled vehicle of no account.

**The Reason Why.** Even the war cannot put a stop to the growth of Ford car stories. The latest yarn to be passed around, however, is somewhat more novel in its scope than its predecessors, and concerns certain alleged happenings at the lodge-gates of a stately country mansion.

First there appeared upon the scene a handsome Rolls-Royce; the gates were immediately swung open and the car passed up the drive. Then a smart Sunbeam followed, and again the gates were opened to let the new arrival through. A Ford car next came along, but the gates remained shut. The driver got down accordingly, and rang the bell. Then the head of the gatekeeper was seen peering over a wicket, and the driver of the Ford was asked what he wanted. "Why, to enter with my car, of course," he re

joined, "the same as those two I saw going through only a minute ago." The gatekeeper heaved a sigh and murmured, "Impossible! Impossible!" "But why?" the Ford driver asked in astonishment. "Because you are a Christian Scientist." "A Christian Scientist? Why so?" "Because you think you have a car—but you haven't!"



THE CAR AS IT IS USED TO-DAY: MRS. MIDDLEMAS TAKING GARDENING TOOLS TO LOCAL ALLOTMENT-HOLDERS.

Mrs. Middlemas' husband is Chairman of the Ilford Part-time Committee for National Service.—[Photograph by Topical.]



DAYLIGHT CINEMA PICTURES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE MOBILE OUTFIT USED.

A feature of the new Tank Week was the exhibition of cinematograph pictures in the daytime in Trafalgar Square. One of the Mobile Cinematographs, used to tour the country during the week, was employed. Captain James Barber is the inventor of the apparatus.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

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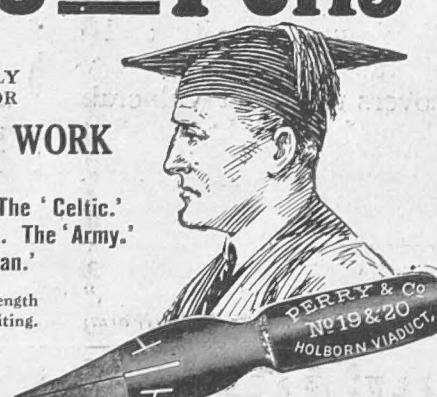
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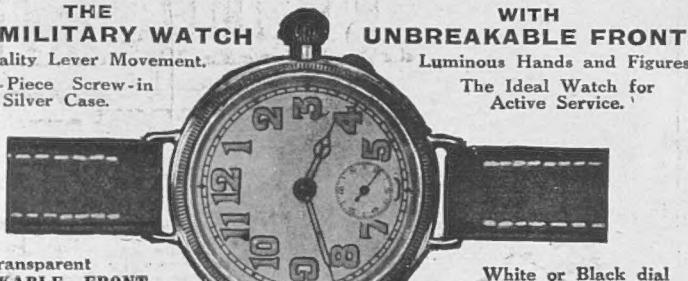
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